

Published every Wednesday

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—OCTOBER 19 1949

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Price Sixpence

PERIODICAL C.

DEC - 7 1949

DET

# PUNCH

OCTOBER  
19  
1949

Vol. CCXVII  
No. 5681

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Altho' in temperatures  
far below freezing-point,  
I still enjoyed my pipe of  
**BARNEYS Tobacco...**

And now it is the Arctic that speaks: from one of  
the human "Guinea Pigs" of the recent Endurance  
and Exposure Trials came this latest tribute:

814 Squadron, H.M.S. Vengeance,  
c/o G.P.O. London.  
March 6/49

To John Sinclair Ltd.

During recent Arctic Trials, I was actively engaged  
on "Guinea Pig" Endurance and Exposure Tests.  
Although in temperatures far below freezing-point, I still  
enjoyed my pipe of Barneys.

Barneys saw much service in Wartime. Even now, in  
the days of Peace, it still serves. The Arctic is yet another  
Theatre in which your Tobacco has been smoked and  
enjoyed.

In conclusion, you may quote . . . "at least one of the  
Arctic Guinea Pigs took his Barneys with him."

Thanking you for a very fine smoke,

Yours very truly, —

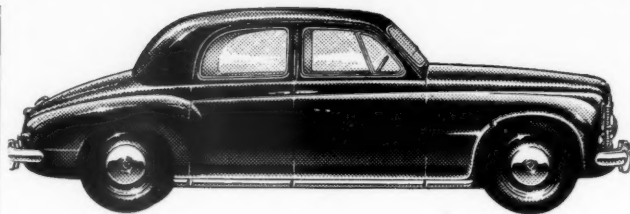
**N.B.** Barneys Testimonies are all friendly admissions,  
purely spontaneous, inspired only by Goodwill. From  
the four corners of the Earth they come in constant stream and  
proud we are to print them.

#### TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys  
to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may  
follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for  
regular personal despatches, Ex-Bond and British Duty Free, in  
2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

(309) ★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and  
Parsons Pleasure (mild). Home Prices 4/3½d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.



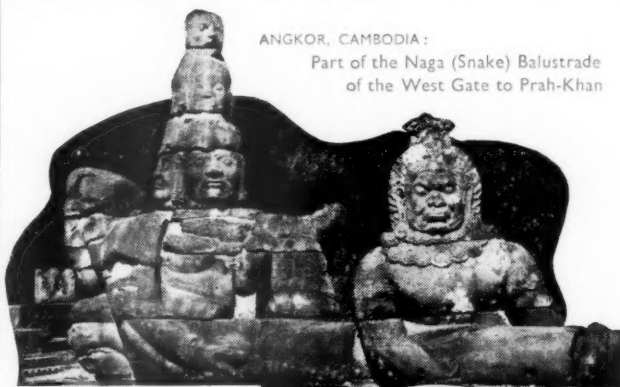
## The new Rover Seventy-Five

Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a  
new Rover made its appearance, it would not only  
be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of  
a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound  
engineering advances. Here it is — the new Rover  
'Seventy-Five'. Faster, safer, more comfortable  
and more economical, it is a worthy successor in a  
high quality lineage.

# ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Company Limited Solihull Birmingham & Devonshire House London  
cvs-127



ANGKOR, CAMBODIA:

Part of the Naga (Snake) Balustrade  
of the West Gate to Prah-Khan

**W**HEREVER man has  
wanted to express his  
aspirations, he has  
built. More than a thousand  
years ago, the Khmers erected  
a wonderful city to the  
glory of their gods. To-day,  
man builds less for glory  
than for comfort and con-  
venience so that he can live  
more fully and work more  
effectively.

**BANISTER,  
WALTON & CO. LTD.**

STRUCTURAL ENGINEERS  
AND STOCKHOLDERS



RIVETED AND WELDED

LONDON—82 Victoria St., S.W.1 MANCHESTER 17—Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 18—61 Western Rd.

**N P B**  
for service

**NATIONAL  
PROVINCIAL  
BANK**  
*Limited*

Branches throughout  
England and Wales.  
Agents and correspondence  
throughout the world

Head Office:  
**15 BISHOPSGATE**  
LONDON, E.C.2



Remington takes the drudgery  
from shaving



- SHAVE DRY
- NO LATHER
- NO BLADES

Shave clean, close, smooth and fast by using a Remington Multiple Head Electric Dry Shaver. Shave anywhere without the slightest fuss, without brush, cream or hot water. Even if you have the toughest beard and tenderest skin, a Remington will give you the easiest and most refreshing shave you ever had. More Remingtons have been sold throughout the world in the last ten years than all the other makes combined.

**REMINGTON**  
ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN

On sale everywhere. Buy now to be sure.

Available in 210/250 v. or 110/125 v. AC/DC. The Dual-Volt operates over both ranges.  
REMINGTON RAND LTD. (SHAVER DIV.) 1 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

**2 NEW  
MODELS**

In addition to the world famous Remington Four-some, two new models are now available.

**FIVE:** Two heads are better than one. Here are no less than five shaving heads made up of two improved diamond-honed Blue Streak twin heads and one Round head.

**DUAL - VOLT FOURSOME:** A universal all - mains model which can thus be used at home or abroad. One improved Blue Streak twin head and two Remington Round heads give a combination of four shaving heads.



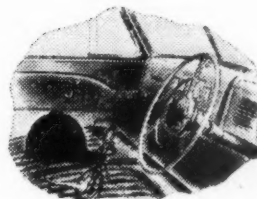
*The wise horseman  
checks his girth...*



*the wise motorist chooses*

**Essolube**

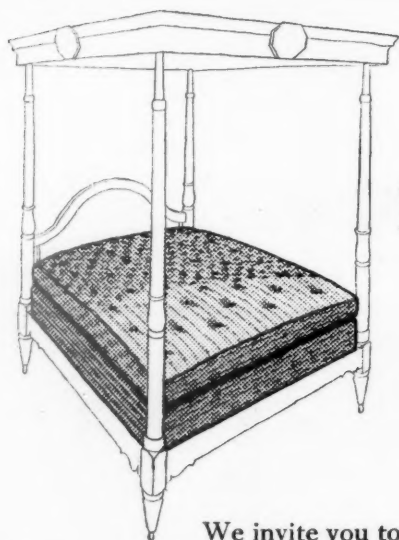
THE OIL FOR  
WISER DRIVERS



OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS



AT THE SIGN OF THE FOURPOSTER



## HEAL'S for beds and bedding

We invite you to visit our Bedding Showroom where there is a wide selection of beds and bedding. May we send you our Bedding Price list?

MAKERS OF FINE BEDDING SINCE 1810

HEAL & SON LTD. 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: MUSEum 1666      Telegrams: Fourposter, Rath, London



what she demands from her cooker. Whether she is her own cook or is blessed with domestic help she will stress these points:—

Ample oven and hot plate accommodation.  
Economy of fuel consumption.

Pleasing appearance and easy cleaning.  
Good Insulation.

### AND ABOVE ALL A CONTINUOUS HOT WATER SUPPLY

The Triplex Model V Cooker satisfies every practical demand of the householder who appreciates true comfort. It has, in addition, many other scientific merits that will command its installation.

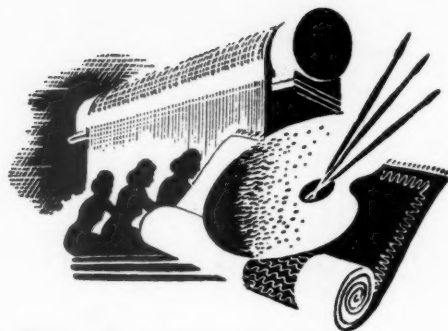
## Triplex

"V" COOKER

Please write for illustrated list and full details of recommended fuels to:—

TRIPLEX FOUNDRY LIMITED • GREAT BRIDGE, STAFFS • Tel.: TIPTON 1293

★ Our famous Triplex open fire grates are still available



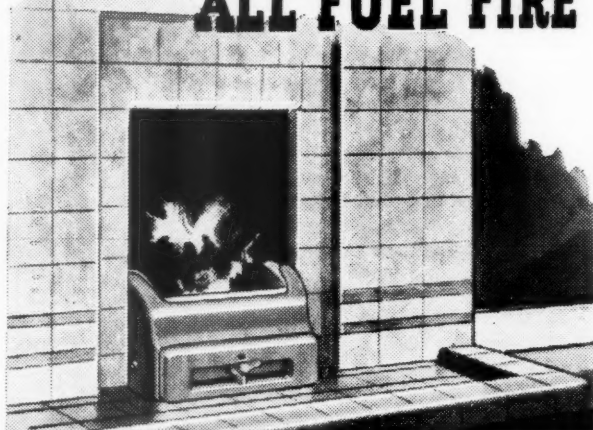
## A handmade carpet designed your own way

What a good idea! You choose the design and colour... your own room dictates the shape... and the famous Wilton weavers assure the craftsmanship. Their weaving skill has been almost entirely devoted to export, but now they can again make you plain or patterned designs—plain carpets being lower in price. All sizes, up to 40 feet wide, seamless, in one piece. Your local House Furnisher will gladly show you samples of materials and quote.

★ Mothproofed of course!

THE WILTON ROYAL  CARPET FACTORY LTD.  
Wilton near Salisbury.  
MAKERS OF FINE CARPETS SINCE 1655

## The SOFONO ALL FUEL FIRE



This is the fire that burns all night—every night. It takes all types of solid fuel—coke, coal, coalite, dross—and gives excellent, unrestricted radiant heat. In addition, the Sofono can be used with a back boiler, which means hot water in the morning. Installation is simple, and sizes to fit 14in., 16in. and 18 in. fireplace openings are available. The finish is in beautiful lustrous vitreous enamel in many different colours to match your tile surround. Gas ignition is provided to facilitate kindling if required.

Price from 77/9d—106/6, according to size and colour.

Full descriptive literature on request.

GRANGEMOUTH IRON CO. LTD., FALKIRK







BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE V

ARTHUR SANDERSON AND SONS LIMITED

52 - 53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1.



# SANDERSON WALLPAPERS

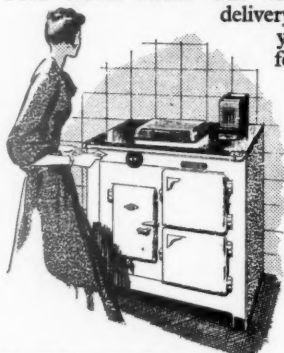
a criterion in decoration for  
close on a hundred years

—ALSO SANDERSON INDECOLOR FABRICS, SUN-RESISTING AND WASHPROOF

# Cooking is a pleasure

with the admirable **ESSE**

You couldn't have better cooking service. In the early morning, the kettle can be simmering on the hotplate and porridge, deliciously cooked, ready in the 'slow' oven... for hotplate and ovens in the admirable ESSE are always hot day and night. Refuelling is clean and easy. Just remove filling-plug and 'pour' in coke nuts. As for fuel saving! Cost is so low that the cooker soon pays for itself. Your ESSE dealer will be delighted to give quick delivery of the model to suit your requirements. Write for details.



The model illustrated cooks for six and supplies constant hot water on approximately 26lb. coke in 24 hours. Price in cream porcelain enamel

**£68. 5. 0**

Depost £10. 5. 0  
Monthly £2. 1. 0

The ESSE COOKER Company  
(Proprietors Smith & Wellstood Ltd) Bonnybridge Scotland  
London: 46 Davies St. W.1

*British Biscuits  
at their Best*

**Macfarlane  
Lang**



By appointment  
Biscuit Manufacturers  
to H.M. the King  
Macfarlane, Lang & Co. Ltd.

E S T A B L I S H E D I 8 1 7



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES  
DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.  
LONDON AND MELBOURNE  
TO THE ROYAL WARRANT GRANT IN 1937



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES  
DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.  
LONDON AND MELBOURNE  
TO THE ROYAL WARRANT GRANT IN 1937

*Chosen  
by the connoisseur -*

THE  
H.M.V.  
'MOLTON'  
COFFEE  
PERCOLATOR



This better-looking Percolator makes better coffee — that is why the 'Molton' appeals to those who know the value of good things. Artistry of design and a high standard of efficiency are combined in the following:—

- \* Strong construction, with beautiful mirror-chrome finish for easy cleaning.
- \* Heat-resistant handle and base.
- \* Capacity equal to 8 standard-size coffee cups.
- \* Non-drip spout prevents stains.
- \* Safety device to break current if percolator is allowed to boil dry.
- \* AC/DC 200/210, 220/240 or 250 volts.

PRICE £4. 17. 6

**H.M.V.**

'Molton'  
Coffee Percolator

There are many other distinctive H.M.V. Household Appliances — write today for full details or enquire at any leading electrical retailer.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
.....

P.5

H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES DIVISION OF THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX



*In Vogue*

It's smart to see and be seen with Kershaw Theatre

Glasses. Light, neat and compact, to fit snugly into your evening bag, the Tivoli (£5.0.0), Bijou (£3.0.0) and Elite, illustrated (£2.18.6) are all available in a range of fashionable colours. With Kershaws you'll be sure of a brilliant performance



Distributors: KERSHAW-SOHO (SALES) LIMITED  
IMPERIAL HOUSE · 80-82, REGENT ST · LONDON · W.1

A Company within the  
J. Arthur Rank Organisation



*The Perfected*  
**BEAVER LAMB**  
*Coat \**

*Hand-picked skins, gleamingly processed—styled for to-morrow's fashion. This mantle of magic is the fur coat of the future!*

To the business woman and the busy woman the "Four Seasons" coat is a MUST—flattering in any company—essential for the winter months ahead.

The "Cavendish" —a 27 gn. model.

Call to-day and inspect the quality and fascinating selections—the best value ever at **19/ to 31 gns** prices from—

★ Years of research by the Sheepskin Shop have gone into perfecting this beautiful coat, which we now proudly offer for the first time. Obtainable only from:

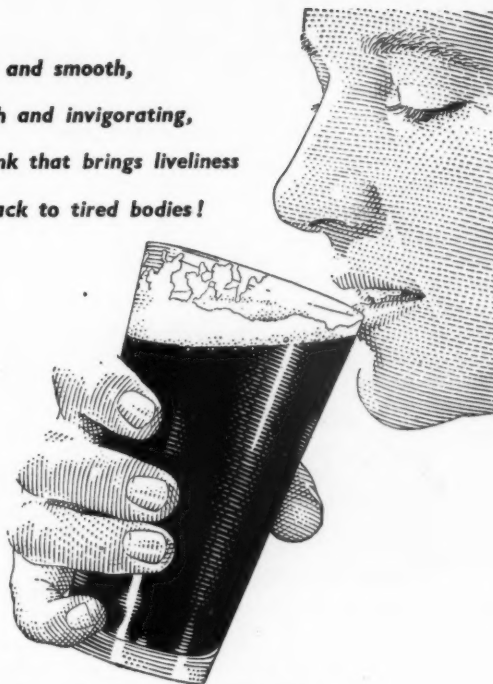
**The Sheepskin Shop**

The original Sheepskin Specialists

(Dept. 198), 435/7, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

**SPECIAL APPROVAL OFFER**  
The "Four Seasons" range is available to out-of-town shoppers on approval for 7 days, but write first for style brochure of coats, capes, etc.

Mellow and smooth,  
rich and invigorating,  
a drink that brings liveliness  
back to tired bodies!



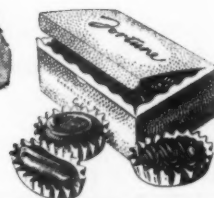
**Mackeson's Stout**  
sets you up wonderfully



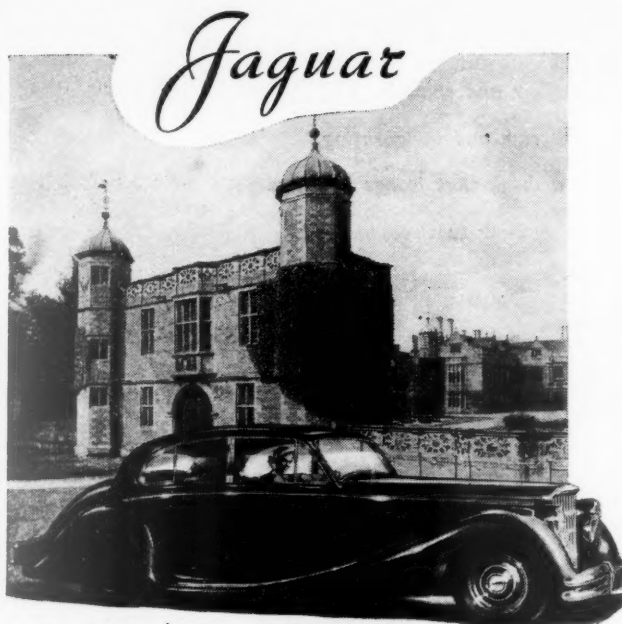
*Fortune*  
makes the  
heart  
grow fonder

On the right are: Mallow and Delight, Coffee Cream, and Nut Whirl—three of the exciting chocolates in delicious Fortune assortment made by **CALEY**

OF NORWICH







16th Century Gatehouse, Charlecote Park, Stratford-on-Avon.

At 5 or 95 m.p.h. the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  litre Jaguar heralds its approach with the merest whisper; and in the deep-seated comfort of its soft leather upholstery the driver has the magnificent feeling that he could steer this car through the eye of a needle. The  $2\frac{1}{2}$  litre is relatively no less remarkable, and the XK Super Sports 2-seater holds the world's record of 132.6 m.p.h. for a standard production car.

**THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD**

## For public confidence

Nothing, Sir, would induce us to say anything to shake it... indeed, many engineers and manufacturers are obviously of the same mind



# TUFNOL

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

An ELLISON Product

Light in weight... Easy to machine...  
Acid resisting... Electrical insulator...  
Made in sheets, tubes and rods.

**TUFNOL LTD · PERRY BARR · BIRMINGHAM · 22B**

Tufnol is being used for magneto and dynamo couplings on public service vehicles—a duty demanding absolute reliability and unfailing service. In transport and industry, Tufnol is used by engineers in countless other ways. In this non-metallic material they find the answer to many a tricky problem. Can Tufnol improve your products or plant?

*Brrrrrrr!*

The north wind will blow and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that we shall have snow, and what could be more welcome than an Eiderscutum then? Now is the time for just such a coat—a coat you can huddle into—a generous, comforting coat in luxurious Irish fleece, that is very hard-wearing for all its softness. Made with all-round belt or half-belt at back. Price 19 guineas. Other styles and materials from 14 guineas.

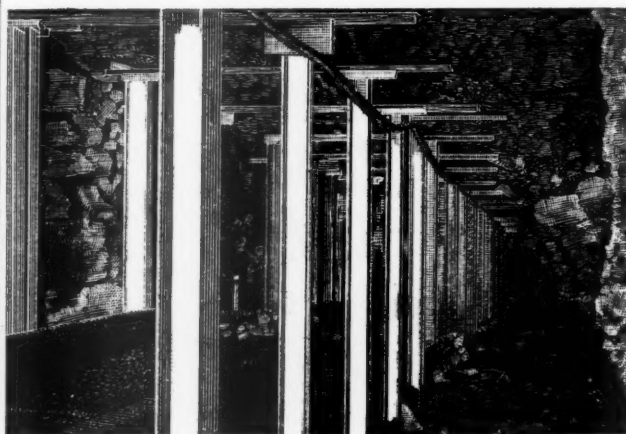
Have you seen the suits on the men's new floor?



# Aquascutum

★the shop in regent street—NUMBER 100

*Really good shops everywhere are agents for Aquascutum*



*During 1947*  
**PARK GATE**  
*made enough*

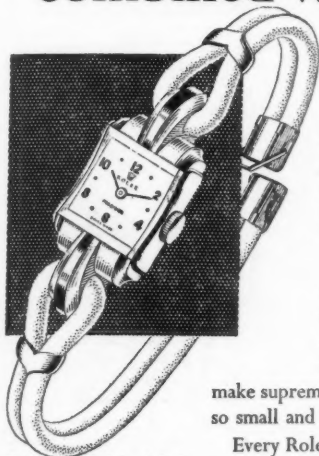
**STEEL PIT PROPS**  
*normally spaced to support a coal face extending from LIVERPOOL to GRIMSBY*

*The* **PARK GATE**

**IRON & STEEL CO. LTD.,**

**ROTHERHAM**

## Miniature elegance— combined with accuracy



This beautiful Rolex ladies' watch (stainless steel with leather cord) is ideal both for day and evening wear. It is dainty and elegant to look at, and can be relied upon to give lasting, accurate service.

IT ISN'T EASY to design a ladies' wrist-watch that is at once elegant and accurate. For ladies are exacting creatures. They demand that their watches shall be small — very small! And the smaller the movement, the harder it is to make it really accurate.

It is a Rolex rule that no ladies' watch shall ever leave the factory if it is not first and foremost accurate and reliable. The triumph of Rolex craftsmen lies in the fact that they make supremely accurate, reliable ladies' watches so small and so beautiful.

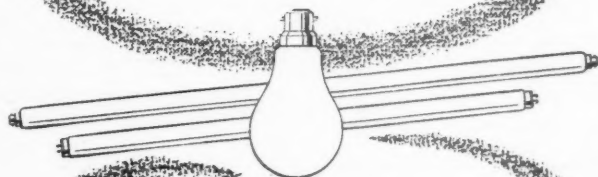
Every Rolex ladies' watch is an original creation designed by Rolex craftsmen, many of whom are actually descended from the founders of the Genevan Guild of Craftsmanship, one of the most famous of all mediaeval guilds.

  
**ROLEX**

Leaders in fashion and precision

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LTD. (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)

As brilliant as you  
could wish for . . .  
More economical  
than you bargain for



Just one name to  
insist on for good lighting

**Osram**  
the wonderful lamp

**Filament or Fluorescent**

A GEC PRODUCT

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

By appointment



to H.M. The King

*Introducing a new member  
of the Bristol family:—*

## HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY Sherry

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM and BRISTOL MILK are famous all over the World as the finest full Oloroso Sherries.

BRISTOL DRY is a superb FINO of great age, blended to suit the taste of those who prefer a rather drier Wine.

Price 25/- per bottle. On receipt of a remittance for this amount a sample bottle will be sent postage and package free.



## JOHN HARVEY

AND SONS LIMITED OF BRISTOL  
Founded 1796

LONDON OFFICE, 40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.  
Subsidiary Companies or Branches at—Kidderminster,  
Cardiff, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Glasgow and at  
Beatties of Wolverhampton.

# Slide into slumber

IT'S BEDTIME NOW and another tiring day is ending. Why not slide off into slumber, quickly and completely... the cares of the world behind you—with a cup of ALLENBURYS DIET—the good good-night drink?

**Allenburys**  
**DIET**



MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURY'S LIMITED

# SPINK



*We desire to purchase*  
**JEWELLERY  
SILVER  
COINS AND  
MEDALS**

**SPINK & SON Ltd.**  
5-7 KING ST. ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1  
Telephone: WHITEHALL 5275

EST. 1772

**IFCO**  
**BATHROOM**  
**FURNITURE**  
**IS**  
**SUPREME**

Stocked by All Leading Stores

LIST FREE FROM  
**IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3**

## CHAMPAGNE



**V. ADEVAUX**  
Marque déposée  
EPERNAY MARNE  
'So well worth drinking'

Sole Importer:  
**ROBERT E. BOUSCARLE**, 49 Wellington St.,  
London, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 6844/5

## FRENCHMEN DON'T, WHY DO WE?

When fine clarets, burgundies and hocks are nearly the same price as Champagne why do we in Great Britain too often regard it as a wine for special occasions only?

Tracing the causes of this mistaken habit is too long a process here, so I will simply point out that in the past it has not been solely disparity in price but also a non-appreciation of the high merits of Champagne as a wine.

Frenchmen drink Champagne with fewer inhibitions than ourselves. Since many a year it is no longer a wine for special occasions only, an example we would do well to follow, for it is delicate on the palate and has the virtue of blending with all dishes.

## AN OFFER

May I ask you to consider it in this light and for a pound to try a bottle or two half-bottles of Devaux Champagne, any further orders to be placed through your own wine merchant at current retail prices.

Some find Half-Bottles most useful, just enough for two at dinner when it is additionally an ideal tonic if one is tired.

*R. Bouscarle*

# Hawkins Patented Tecal

*at your service*



Patented Regd. Design

- Makes tea or coffee automatically while you sleep.
- Alarm wakes you when tea or coffee is brewed.
- The attractive reading-lamp lights to welcome you.
- "Smith's" Electric Clock gives correct time.
- Boiler switches off, leaving some hot water for shaving, etc.
- "Hawkins Tecal" is absolutely automatic and is fully guaranteed.

*You'll praise the day you invested in TECAL.*

*If in any difficulty write to us for address of nearest stockist. Price £10.18.9 (inc. P. T.)*

L. G. HAWKINS & CO., LTD. 30/35, DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

*A big help with your carpets*



**Ewbank**  
CARPET SWEEPER

*Now available again*

**I BELIEVE YOU LOVE  
YOUR MURRAY'S  
MORE THAN ME!**



**M**EN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

**MURRAY'S  
MELLOW MIXTURE**

4/1 1/2d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,  
NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos  
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years



*—the last call for  
the wise motorist—*

Restores the power of concentration—the surest pick-me-up. Make the one for the road a "A Fernet-Branca." Ask your wine merchant or from all good bars, hotels, etc.

Sole Concessionaires—

**WALTER SYMONS & CO., LTD**  
11/15 Monument Street, London, E.C.3

**3 WAYS OF USING  
VAPEX  
FOR COLDS**

- ▲ Breathe the vapour from pillow or handkerchief
- ▲ Use the handy Vapex Inhaler
- ▲ Rub the New VAPEX-VOLATOL on the Chest

Of all Chemists  
Inhaler 1/3 Vapex - Volatol 1/9  
Vapex 2/6  
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. ENGLAND.





SPONTEX sponges are wonderfully soft, absorbent and resilient . . . stay fresh and save soap. They have a long life and may be cleaned by boiling. SPONTEX Sponges contain no rubber — ask for them by name.

NOW IN FOUR DELIGHTFUL COLOURS **2'9** AND **3'8**



MADE IN GT. BRITAIN BY SPONCEL LTD.



Children look their best  
in 'Dayella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED,  
VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM  
Spinners, Weavers and Sole Manufacturers of  
'VIYELLA', 'DAYELLA' and 'GLYDELLA'  
Branches, Agents and Representatives throughout the World

D6



## NEWS! to warm your hearth

*The open fire which need never go out*

Here is something new — a cheery OPEN fire such as we love best in these Islands, yet so designed that you can light it in the autumn and it will burn all winter long. At night just bank up, coal dust will do, turn down the control, and your 'AB' will burn slowly until the morning—a gloriously warm room to come down

to, and no messy fire-laying and lighting; then open the air control and add more fuel—you'll have leaping flames within ten minutes. No chilly house for you this winter. From £4.5.3.

*Please write for leaflet with details of colours, and name of nearest distributor.*

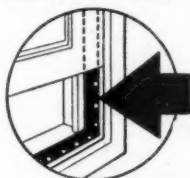
# AB FIRE

FEDERATED SALES LTD., (Dept. A), 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

## There's ANOTHER 'cold war' coming!

... With GENERAL WINTER using his old tactics — silent infiltration through badly fitting doors and windows!

Defeat those penetrating draughts by installing HERMESEAL NOW, and reduce your fuel bill and increase your comfort this winter.



Suitable for both metal and wooden frames, it is *PERMANENT* and carries a ten year guarantee. Don't wait for the worst weather to remind you, but write today for full details.

# HERMESEAL

PERMANENTLY EXCLUDES DRAUGHTS

BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.  
HEAD OFFICE: 4 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Grosvenor 4324 (3 lines)

## Gates for the Town Hall —or Railway fastenings for South Africa

The councillors of many a Town Hall see with admiration the decorative gates designed by their architect and supplied by us—and across the wide spaces of South Africa millions of railway fastenings help to keep the wheels turning. We use iron and steel and we shape it to all sorts of ends, for example :—

**Bolts and Nuts, Railway Fastenings, Fencing, Gates, Ornamental Ironwork, Fabricated Steelwork, Rounds, Flats, etc., Steel Bars, H.T. and L.T. Line Equipment, General Forgings and Castings, Sections for Railway and Tramway Fastenings, Components for Agricultural Implements and Equipment.**

Many of these things we ship to all parts of the world, that is, wherever architects, builders, farmers, gardeners, technicians or engineers have need of them.

### Bayliss, Jones & Bayliss Ltd.



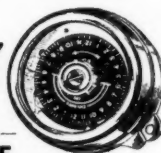
Head Office: VICTORIA WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON, Tel: Wolverhampton 20441  
London Office: 139 CANNON STREET, E.C.4, Tel: Mansion House 8524



### Who made it hot for the Visitor?

Who indeed turned on the immersion heater so that the water was hot when it was needed without electricity being wasted at other times? It was no human hand but the ingenious Sangamo Time Switch. This Time Switch can be used for a number of labour saving uses in the home . . . to switch on and off automatically such electrical circuits as porch lights, radiators, electric kettles, radios, etc. The Model SSA (as illustrated) costs only £4 8s. 3d. Ask your electrical contractor for full information, or write to the address below for illustrated leaflet.

## SANGAMO Time Switch



### THE SILENT SERVANT IN THE HOME

SANGAMO WESTON LIMITED, ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX  
Tel. Enfield 3434 (6 lines) and 1242 (4 lines).

Also at Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Manchester and Wolverhampton.



## Norseman Dual Reversible

—two coats in one

Norseman braves  
all weathers



A. B. HARGREAVES & CO., LTD.  
Viking Works • Chorley • Lancs



BY APPOINTMENT  
Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI  
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

# BOOTH'S DRY GIN



*Definitely  
Superior!*

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.  
32/4 PER BOTTLE: 16/11 HALF BOTTLE  
THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE  
SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



## HYDRAULIC CAR JACK

"The Little Jack  
with the BIG Lift"

LIFTING CAPACITY  
2 TONS  
Closed Height 6 1/2 ins.  
Maximum Height 14 ins.  
PRICE £4 0. 0.  
Every car owner  
should write for details

SKYHL, Ltd.  
Skyhl Works  
WORTON ROAD  
ISLEWORTH, Middx.



NEW conceptions in  
LIGHTING & ROAD SAFETY

in the  
**NOTEK**

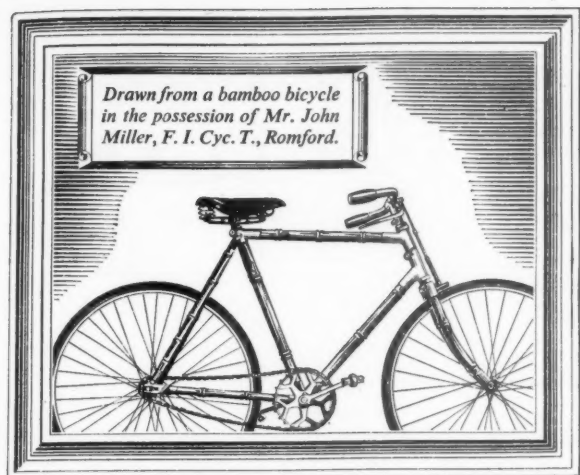
- \* FOGMASTER
- \* DRIVEMASTER
- \* ROADMASTER
- \* SPEEDMASTER

& NOW the New  
\* PASSMASTER  
with the  
asymmetrical  
beam

# NOTEK LAMPS

NOW more than ever—  
The World's Safest  
FOG, DRIVING  
& PASS LAMPS

Obtainable from  
**CARAGES & MOTOR AGENTS  
ACCESSORY DEALERS, etc.**



## Have you ever seen a bamboo bicycle?

A few 'safety' bicycles with bamboo frames were made in the late 1870s when it was found that using solid steel bars made the new machine too heavy. The inventiveness of the men in steel soon found a cure for that — in the steel tube, strong *and* light — and the 'safety' became a practical job in 1885.

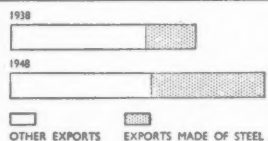
### SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

Our exports of goods made from steel are now twice the pre-war volume and in value almost half of our total exports. They include bicycles, which have a 'sure fire' sale wherever they go, to the tune of over £20 million a year.

It is, of course, by those exports that we live and eat, so you owe your Sunday breakfast in a way to the 70-year-old bamboo bicycle!

**PRIVATE FORESIGHT.** This sort of development now is all in the decade's work for our steel industry, which indeed may be said to have changed its whole nature with the changes and chances of each succeeding generation. To-day the focus of attention is on the development scheme that is giving us ever-increasing quantities of steel. But let us not forget that only the foresight and inventiveness of our pioneers in steel made possible the vigorous industry that embarked on that bold enterprise as soon as the war was over.

STEEL'S SHARE IN BRITISH EXPORTS



### 18,000,000 TONS

The industry's own £240-million development plan ensures us a capacity of 18 million tons in 1952 — the figure agreed on with the Government as the right level.

# STEEL

## is serving you well



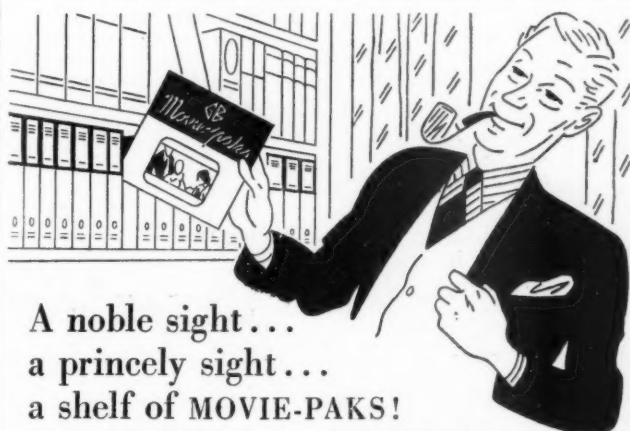
## Fly BEA to the Channel Islands

Book *now* for your late summer holiday. Save every precious moment of it... and *fly*! Daily services from London to Jersey and Guernsey. Fare £8.13.0 return. It takes 90 minutes to either destination. Or from Southampton to Guernsey or Jersey for £6.1.0 return; and Southampton to Alderney for £4.15.0 return. Bookings from Travel Agents, Local BEA offices, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, S.W.1. Tel.: GERrard 9833.

 **BEA takes you there and brings you back**



BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



## A noble sight... a princely sight... a shelf of MOVIE-PAKS!

'Prince Charles at Play'—another film of the Royal Family Album series you are bound to have on your bookshelf of MOVIE PAKS. Then 'Monty of Alamein', 'Nature's Playground', 'Chimps Jamboree',

'Spills and Thrills', 'Musical Drive', 'Lure of the Surf', and 'Lawless Frontier', 'Simple Simon', 'Jack and the Beanstalk' to make up a handful of *musts*. Complete the coupon to-day for further particulars of



## Movie-paks

16mm and 8mm SOUND & SILENT FILMS  
TO BUY AND KEEP LIKE BOOKS

### COUPON

To: G.B. Equipments Ltd., Movie-Paks  
Imperial House, 80/82 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Please send me: (a) New list of MOVIE-PAK titles with prices and details.  
(b) Information about Bell & Howell-Gaumont 16 mm. and 8 mm. projectors.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# Adams

## DRY DIGEST

### Amontillado Fino

## SHERRY

*An ideal Aperitif  
for your friends*

### WINE WISDOM for the cooler weather

CHATEAUNEUF  
DU PAPE 1945

Price  
**12/-**  
per bottle

A vigorous, full-bodied Rhone wine ideal with roasts and game of all descriptions.

Obtainable from:  
The Vintner, Wine Merchant, 66  
Kensington Church St., London, W.8  
C.P. on 6 bottles or more

**COINTREAU**  
Extra Dry for England  
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR  
A Century of World-wide Reputation  
1849 — 1949

**SUCHARD**  
**Velma**  
PLAIN CHOCOLATE  
THE ORIGINAL  
**Swiss**  
PROCESS CHOCOLATE  
Famous since 1826!



For your **RHEUMATISM**  
take the waters... at home!

Vichy-Célestins Spa Water is the pleasant table drink which is universally admitted to possess those high therapeutic qualities which are particularly valuable for sufferers from over-acidity and similar ailments. Consult your doctor.

**VICHY-CELESTINS**

WORLD FAMOUS FRENCH SPA WATER

Bottled as it flows from the Spring

See that the label bears the name of the Sole Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., 12 THAYER STREET, LONDON, W.1.



See  
how they  
grow!

They're always proud of how tall they are getting, but unless they are evenly nourished their upward growth may be at the expense of something else.

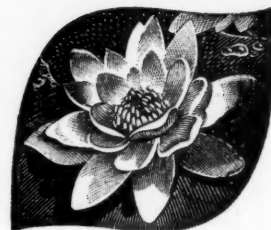
Even growth — of strong bone and healthily rounded body — is the great boon that SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil brings to the young. For this sea-fresh food has all the plus values — fats, calories and vitamins — that make sure they never outgrow their strength.



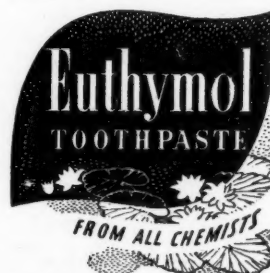
**SevenSeaS** SEA-FRESH FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists, oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9.

however you travel  
BY RAIL, ROAD, AIR OR SEA  
**'TRAVIKALM'**  
REGD. TRADE MARK  
GENATOSAN TRAVEL-SICKNESS TABLETS  
will prevent travel sickness  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/6d.



For  
Morning  
Freshness



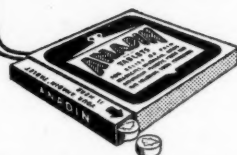
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

A touch of 'flu?

TAKE A COUPLE OF

**ANADIN**

TRADE MARK  
TABLETS INSTEAD!



They work quickly and safely because, in them, pure Aspirin is balanced with Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine, the products known to fortify and sustain the effects of Aspirin whilst eliminating undesirable after-effects.

FOR SAFE AND QUICK RELIEF

**POTTER'S**  
**CATARRH**  
**PASTILLES**

1/9  
A TIN



makes it an occasion



When there's magic in the air . . .  
when hearts beat faster . . . when  
'the day' comes round again . . .  
*Champagne makes it an occasion.*

ISSUED BY COMITÉ INTERPROFESSIONNEL DU VIN DE CHAMPAGNE,  
EPERNAY, FRANCE

**"Jacqueline"**  
a twill-weave  
smooth finish  
feather-light worsted  
for suits or dresses  
in a wide range  
of couture colours by  
**Jacqmar**

16 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON.W.1.



... I'm a qualified hairdresser.  
Have a Jamal Wave—for your hair's  
sake. It's smart . . .  
it's professional and it lasts,  
naturally."

**Jamal**

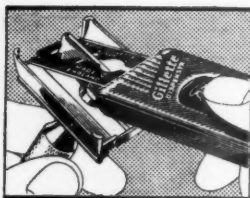
LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING

... MACHINELESS

... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR



## Good mornings begin with Gillette



... the sharpest edge in the world!

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Dispenser containing 20 Blue Gillette Blades 5/4 inc. P. Tax. Blue Gillette Blades are also sold in standard packets of 5 and 10



## Nicholson Gin - too good to drown

Ask for Nicholson by name and enjoy the gin with the true old English flavour



## 'Come in, chum!..'

When your son steps out into the world and perhaps leaves home to live among strangers for the first time, it will mean a lot to you to know that he is finding the right kind of friends.

Every day, the Y.M.C.A. is doing for somebody's son what you would wish someone to do for yours. At home and abroad, for young men in the Forces and others embarking on civilian careers, it provides the means of physical, mental and spiritual refreshment. It offers the interests, friendships and encouragements every young man needs when he can no longer live at home.

Will you help the Y.M.C.A. to maintain and extend its work for other men's sons . . . and maybe your own? Please give generously and promptly.

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund: 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1



Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND  
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

## The First Cigar for the best days



# Don Garcia

MADE IN FIVE SIZES

Trade Enquiries: "Don Garcia" Liaison Bureau, 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1





## CHARIVARIA

An American visitor was charmed to find an aspidistra in his hotel sitting-room. He much preferred it to the palms in the hall.

The fact that some popular brands of cigarettes now have paper tips may encourage taxi-drivers to hold out for similar treatment.

A witness who powdered her nose in court was reproved by a woman magistrate. The beak set a shining example.

Shortly after tenants moved into a Durham house the building began to subside. The trouble began when the housewife first noticed the kitchen sink.



From Yorkshire comes the report that a dog has been born with two tails. It is now reported to be looking for something else to be as happy as.

### Serene Septingenarian

"He was in his eightieth decade when he finished this book in 1945 and old age has its part in adding to his detachment."

"Time and Tide"



A post office engineer estimates that two hundred telephone-poles are damaged every week by woodpeckers. It is only fair to add that the birds themselves maintain that this is the wrong number.

"In Budapest sits another 'progressive' Socialist, M. Szakasits, still wearing the empty robes of President of the Red Republic of Hungary."—*Daily Telegraph*

H. G. Wells thought of it first.

It is reported that Alabama has decided to remain a prohibition state. Alabamans, we understand, are arranging to celebrate the decision quietly by crossing the border.

"He has never accepted a knighthood, but is a Companion of Honor, Privy Councillor, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, Freeman of London and 14 other cities (many of the casks presented to him on these occasions are on view in Parliament House)."—*Australian paper*  
C.H., P.C. (and bar).

Military correspondents draw attention to Yugoslavia's rugged terrain. Protests are expected from neighbouring countries that she is massing mountains on their frontiers.

After the presentation of a clock to a retiring fireman the news came through that his house was ablaze. He had heard about the clock, but the illuminated address came as a complete surprise.



## WINE AND NUTS

THE truth about press photographers was more or less hushed up when evidence was taken before the Royal Commission. Some of us who could have told a good deal were not called at all; to others, questions carefully framed to exclude the possibility of revelations were put by the so-called investigators. Dick Barstow, for instance, of *The Times*, was asked whether, when photographing Cranborne Chase in autumn, he clicked a little thing at the side or pressed one of those rubber bulbs at the end of a long tube. He replied that he did what the Barons ordered, and was immediately told to stand down. As for Evans, of the *Chronicle*, who was asked some trumpery question about leaping on the shoulders of a Guardee at a society wedding, he had hardly got the words "Monopoly capitalism" out of his mouth before the next witness was called.

So it is left to Mr. A. Wine, writing in *Mlada Fronta*, to give the British people some idea of the truth.

*Mlada Fronta*, as I understand it, is a Czech paper, written no doubt in the language of the country. My agent in Prague (one of my agents, rather, for in view of recent incidents they are now obliged to go about in couples) has sent me, foolishly, only a précis of Mr. Wine's article, with a brief note to the effect that it appeared in the issue of September 25th, so I am unable to quote verbatim. Back numbers of Czech newspapers are not as easy to pick up on our crypto-fascist bookstalls as my agent appears to imagine. Here, however, is the gist of Mr. Wine's contribution—an account, I should explain, of his experiences as a press photographer in Britain.

Most press photographers in England carry a case with them containing fashionable clothes, pipes, ties, rings, spectacles, cigars, gloves, evening dress, etc. When called upon to take photographs in working class districts they are able to fake examples showing the workers looking prosperous, with the aid of their props. The idea is to give the impression that the working classes have never been better off in their lives.

Mr. Wine concludes that if one meets a press photographer without a case he belongs to the *Daily Worker* or some other progressive paper.

There is little or nothing here to lift the informed reader's eyebrow. Thinking people, with half an ear for a conspiracy, have known about this for years. But I think it worth repeating, partly because the bulk of the public have been too long in the dark—there are those who even to-day will take at its face value a photograph of a well-turned-out football crowd—and partly because it gives me an opportunity at long last to call attention to the degrading tasks that press photographers are daily expected to perform.

I remember one morning, when I was working with Tubby Rawlings on the old *Evening Post*. Cartwright, the News Editor, sent for us.

"There's a deep hole in the road down Bermondsey way," Cartwright said.

"We'll cover it," Rawlings broke in eagerly.

"Do that," Cartwright told him. "Crowd scenes. Get the onlookers. But remember—!" We gave the capitalist salute, as in duty bound, and hurried out, pausing only to snatch up camera and cases on our way.

It was a deep hole all right and a typical working-class crowd stood on the lip gazing down at the confusion of pipes and cables exposed to view. I heard Rawlings draw in his breath with a sharp hiss as we ran up.

"Gad, Harry," he rasped. "Just look at that woman's hat!"

In an instant I was by her side, feverishly unstrapping my case. "Oblige me, madam," I said, whipping out a small cerise toque with osprey plumes at back and sides.

"Ow much?" she asked, with the inborn suspicion of her kind.

"Free," I said, and to save time snatched the cloth cap, though not rudely, from her head and set the toque in its place.

"Ere!" said a man's voice—perhaps a husband's.

"Tut!" I cried, noticing the soup-stains down his waistcoat, and thrust a check pullover into his ungloved hands. Tubby was busy handing out cigars and for a time I could not see him for the press of people. As always, the hubbub increased as the news got round that the distribution was free of charge and the working-class Englishman's natural fear of victimization was by slow degrees overcome.

"Got any pipes, guvnor?"

"Kindly slip on this pair of braided trousers for size."

"Pince nez with shooting boots are not, if I may say so—"

"Is me tiara on straight, ducks?"

"... whipped the feathers off me back quicker'n a knife through margarine..."

"Butter."

"Will you please stop shoving!"

I was knotting an old school tie round the neck of an importunate gas fitter when this last despairing cry was wrung from my lips. But it was too late. Hemmed in by a jostling throng of bespectacled labourers, half-blinded by cigar-smoke and with my right heel caught, at a critical moment, in the hem of a carelessly-slung evening cloak, I lost my footing on the lip of the hole and fell, with my camera beneath me, into the yellow clay. As a result our work was wasted and we returned empty-handed to the tyrannical Cartwright.

Craig of the *Worker*, however, had not missed the incident. He captioned his picture, as I remember it, "ETONIAN ASSAULTS WAGE-SLAVE."

H. F. ELLIS

"A slight sharpness of the piano's pitch in one octave was to some extent overcome by Miss Crompton's very clever peddling."—*Geelong Advertiser*

Psst!



HEIL DEMOCRACY!





*"I loathe flying—but one can't afford to pay for a service and not use it."*

### TO A POET TEN YEARS HENCE

HERE stand I,  
as stand you might  
in a city  
safe with light.

What . . . I wonder  
with thought-pearled  
brows, your death-slowed,  
or speed-skirled  
unimaginable world?

I do not think  
if atom-bombs  
have shimmered destruction  
from the sky  
that man will sink  
to cowed despair,  
or lapse to simpler savagery.

I do not think  
if atom-power  
makes deserts blossom  
as the rose  
your life will be a song,  
a flower,  
and all our problems otiose.

For atom-bombs can but destroy  
upon the largest human scale:  
so fell, of old  
the walls of Troy—  
and Homer lived to sing the tale.

And atom-power cannot build  
bliss clear beyond the reach of doubt,  
as Rabelais  
over wine-lees spilled  
through Pantagruel pointed out.

World unimaginable?  
No.

Despite the supersonic pace  
so slowly turns the wheel,  
so slow:  
in thirty-fifty men will know  
where, in the scale of history  
to mark our era's labelled place.

The easy certainties are gone:  
is there no prospect left to please?  
Friend, you will know, some ten years on  
you too can lean your weight upon  
considerations such as these:  
uneasy, but still, certainties. R. C. SCRIVEN

## INTERROGATION

"YOUR name is Albert Cooler?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"A refreshment-car attendant?"

"The seven twenty-one, East-bourne to Victoria."

"You have identified the deceased as one of your regular customers on the train?"

"Yes, Inspector. Pot o' coffee, any biscuits, every morning. *Any biscuits!* Oh, my lor', lay off of me! I done it, I tell you. I'll swing for 'im wiv a smile on me face, straight!"

"Now, now. You're not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so."

"Every morning, every perishing morning—'Any biscuits?' 'e used to say. Oh, my lor'!"

"Every morning on the seven twenty-one the deceased said 'Any biscuits?' Is that it?"

"Not always in them words, it wasn't. Sometimes it was 'Where's the biscuits?' or, 'Come along, out with the biscuits,' or 'What about my biscuits?' Sometimes 'e'd make out I'd scoffed the biscuits meself, or took 'em home to the wife and nippers. But every flaming morning it was biscuits, biscuits, biscuits. *Biscuits!*"

"Here, drink this, Cooler. Take it easy. Better? Now then. So the deceased asked you for biscuits every morning, is that it?"

"Every morning, for nigh seven months. Every morning."

"And did you serve him with biscuits?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Once. Shall I ever forget it! Monday, March seventh."

"You seem very sure of the date."

"Sure! Blimey! It was that what began it. First time I ever clapped eyes on the—"

"Deceased."

"Pot o' coffee—any biscuits?" he says. 'No biscuits, sorry,' I says. 'Don't give me that!' he says. 'You've got some somewhere,' he says. 'Fetch 'em out,' he says. I tells 'im there ain't none. 'Get away with you,' he says. 'Go and 'ave another look,' he says. Smiling an' laughing all the time he was,

an' I reckon that's what done it in the end. 'I tell you there *ain't* any biscuits!' I says, and 'e laughs and taps the table. 'Biscuits!' he says —'and quick!' Well, I goes to me jacket pocket 'anging in the kitchen and I gets me lunch-bag and I 'appen to have three Rich Teas put in by the Missis, and I brings them an' serves 'em. Monday, March seventh, it was. Shall I ever forget it!"

"Now, Cooler, try to pull yourself together. So you never served the deceased with biscuits again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I never 'ad no perishing biscuits, that's why not! Never no biscuits on the perishing train, that's why not! Can't serve what I ain't got, can I? What I used to say to 'im, I used to say, I can't serve what I ain't got!"

"What did he say to that?"

"He says 'Biscuits,' he says. 'Biscuits, biscuits, biscuits, biscuits.' *Biscuits!* Lay off of me, Inspector! I told you I done 'im in!"

"Steady. Steady."

"'E kep' on asking—see? And smiling, and winking at the other folks, making 'em laugh at me. An' then . . . an' then . . ."

"Yes, Cooler? And then?"

"Then . . . *they* all started it, the same lark—see? First the little weasel-faced gent. April nineteenth, Tuesday after Bank 'oliday, it was.

With a titter, kind of a giggle: 'You wouldn't 'ave no biscuits,' he says, 'I don't suppose?' he says, titterin' and nudging the little bald feller next to 'im. It was after I'd 'ad the usual morning argy-bargy with the . . . the . . ."

"The deceased. Yes?"

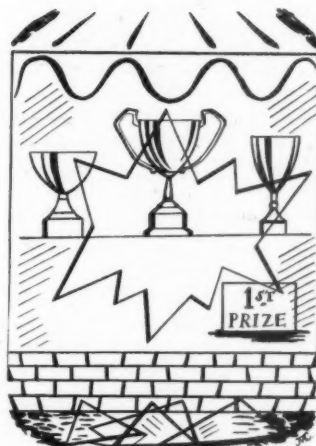
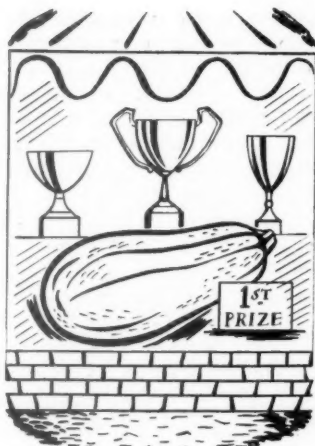
"Well, next day the stout lady in the white blouse caught on; thought *she'd* be a bit of a wag—see? Then the long-nosed gent with the pigskin brief-case took it up, and the little bald feller with the flower in 'is button-hole—'e used to rattle 'is spoon in a cup an' say, 'Hurry along with them biscuits, stooard,' and then laugh. Loud laugh 'e had—terrible loud laugh. By Wednesday, September fourteenth, the whole coachful was on at me. It was 'is fault. They'd never have done it if *he* hadn't begun. Biscuits! Biscuits! Biscuits! Biscuits! Bis—!"

"All right, old man, all right, all right. Constable, help Mr. Cooler back to bed . . . What's that, Sergeant? . . . No, not a chance—justifiable homicide, *you'll* see."

J. B. BOOTHROYD

## Smoker's Lament

If I smoke  
I'm broke.  
If I refrain  
I'll go insane.  
Choice is plain enough:  
Suicide—or snuff.



## MAKING CIDER

YOU picture it, no doubt, as you gaze at the warm orange world through your pint of rough—the jolly farmer's boys straining at the crank of the old wooden press, the sharp, sweet smell of apple-pulp, the atmosphere of the vine-harvest. Miss Sackville-West has written a poem about the

*holiday from field and dung  
From plough and harrow, scythe and spade,  
To dabble in another trade,  
To crush the pippins in the slats,  
And see that in the little vats  
An extra pint was wrung,*

and very gay and bucolic it all sounds. Your correspondent, on his way to a cider-factory at the height of the apple season, had some such scenes at the back of his mind. But they don't really happen much nowadays; the manufacture of cider (or cyder; it depends which firm you deal with), as befits the flourishing industry it has become, goes in for more modern and efficient methods than the farmyard can offer.

One thing at least is constant: it begins, as Eve began, with the apple. Cider is the fermented juice of apples, with nothing added but possibly sugar. In the clubs and pubs of great cities you will hear the accusing phrase "chemical muck" thrown by *laudatores temporis acti* at anything from beer to "French-type" claret, but there is nothing like that about cider. Cider is as authentically the child of the apple as is wine of the grape; indeed, the processes of their manufacture are in many ways akin.

Your correspondent found himself knee-deep in apples almost as soon as he arrived at the factory, little red Beauty of Baths freshly unloaded from the trucks to the

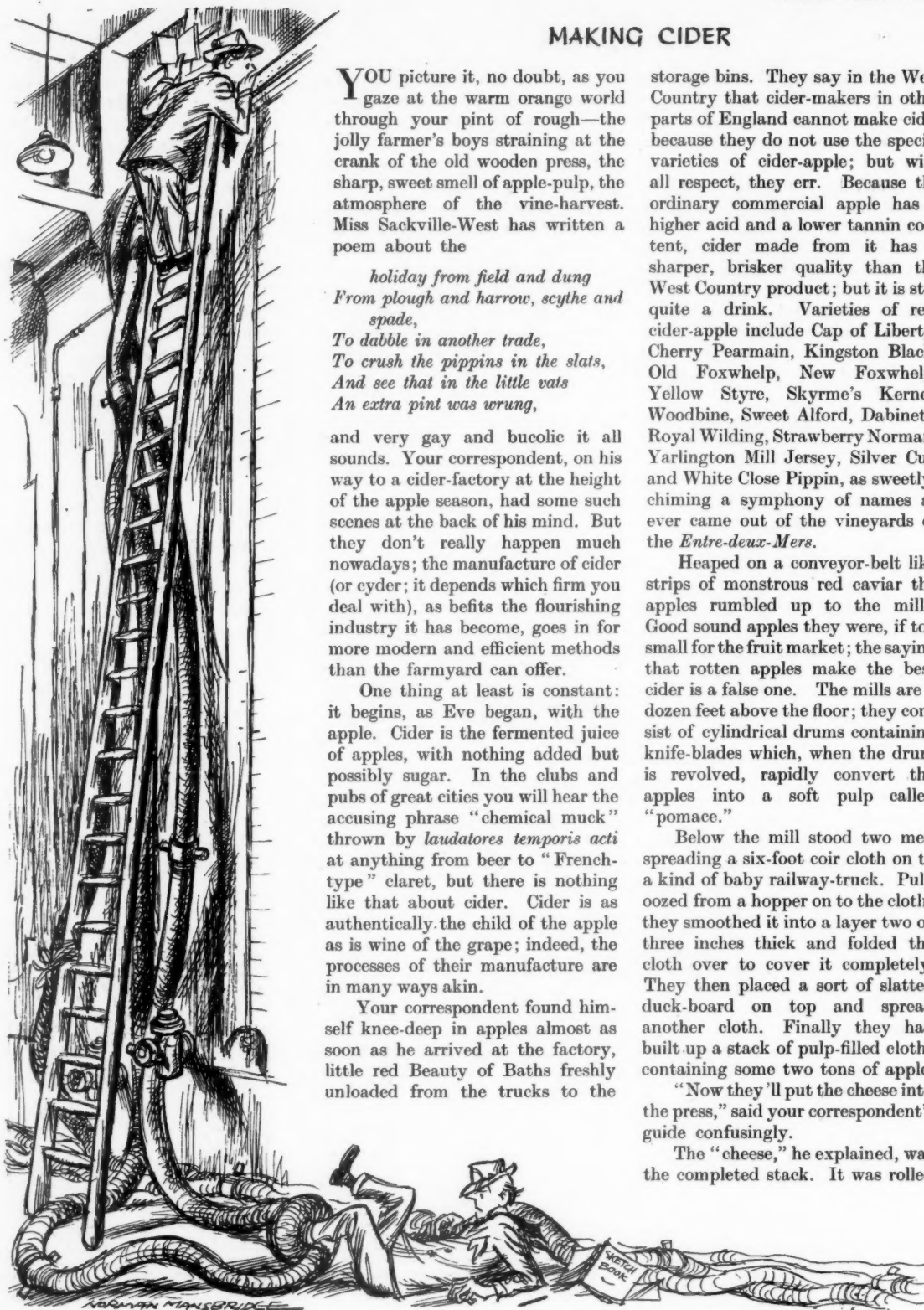
storage bins. They say in the West Country that cider-makers in other parts of England cannot make cider because they do not use the special varieties of cider-apple; but with all respect, they err. Because the ordinary commercial apple has a higher acid and a lower tannin content, cider made from it has a sharper, brisker quality than the West Country product; but it is still quite a drink. Varieties of real cider-apple include Cap of Liberty, Cherry Pearmain, Kingston Black, Old Foxwhelp, New Foxwhelp, Yellow Styre, Skyrme's Kernel, Woodbine, Sweet Alford, Dabinett, Royal Wilding, Strawberry Norman, Yarlington Mill Jersey, Silver Cup and White Close Pippin, as sweetly-chiming a symphony of names as ever came out of the vineyards of the *Entre-deux-Mers*.

Heaped on a conveyor-belt like strips of monstrous red caviar the apples rumbled up to the mills. Good sound apples they were, if too small for the fruit market; the saying that rotten apples make the best cider is a false one. The mills are a dozen feet above the floor; they consist of cylindrical drums containing knife-blades which, when the drum is revolved, rapidly convert the apples into a soft pulp called "pomace."

Below the mill stood two men spreading a six-foot coir cloth on to a kind of baby railway-truck. Pulp oozed from a hopper on to the cloth; they smoothed it into a layer two or three inches thick and folded the cloth over to cover it completely. They then placed a sort of slatted duck-board on top and spread another cloth. Finally they had built up a stack of pulp-filled cloths containing some two tons of apple.

"Now they'll put the cheese into the press," said your correspondent's guide confusingly.

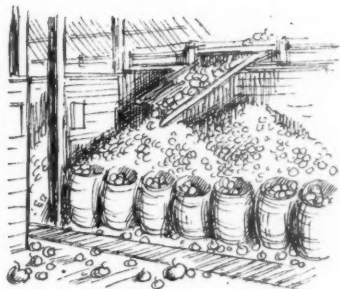
The "cheese," he explained, was the completed stack. It was rolled





out on its truck from under the mill, and along a short siding to the press, which has a fixed top and a rising floor worked by hydraulic pressure. (This partly explains the large water-tank so prominently poised above the factory roof. "Don't get any wrong ideas," said your correspondent's guide ominously.)

From the press, a milky stream of apple-juice ran off into collecting tanks under the floor to be pumped away to the vats. The squeezed pulp was removed for drying in a steam-oven; it is used as a source of pectin, the stuff that puts the stiffening into jam. It is *not* itself used for making jam, as many people believe. "What kind of jam could



you make of that?" asked the guide contemptuously, indicating a handful of desiccated apple-core and skin, and it was certainly less than luscious.

Your correspondent, visualizing the vats as large wooden tubs, failed to realize at first that he had come into their presence. In a large clean concrete house with something of the atmosphere of an Underground station the pervading smell of apple-juice became a little stronger; but there was nothing like a barrel. It came as a surprise to learn that those high grey-white walls were actually the walls of the vats, great fifty-thousand-gallon concrete rectangles in which, for anything between six months and two years, the juice stands, "aping" (to quote Miss Sackville-West again)—

*Aping the leisured sloth of wine  
That dreams by Tiber and by Rhine  
Mellowing slow and deep.*

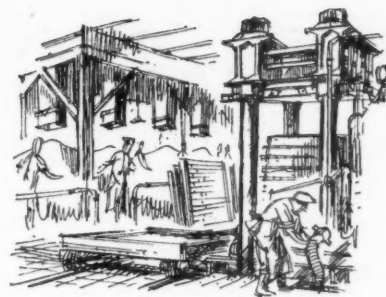
There is a tradition that a dead rat in the vat improves the quality

of cider, but your correspondent was assured that modern manufacturers seldom if ever use one. Farmhouse cider was often pepped up by adding rum, wheat, or a piece of meat (for which no doubt a dead rat would serve if you were not too particular) to the fermenting juice; but the commercial cider-maker lets the fermentation take a natural course, which it begins to do a few days after the juice is pumped into the tank.

Your correspondent was invited to mount a ladder several hundred feet high and look into the top of the tank to see the carbon dioxide bubbling up. Having no head for heights, especially with the prospect of being overcome by fumes at the top, your correspondent mounted with considerable care; but the fumes, if so delightful a smell can be given so horrid a name, coming out of the tank were so invigorating that he remained at the top of the ladder for several minutes, striking poses for Mr. Punch's Artist, before descending with something like abandon.

Later, more vats were encountered with more of the traditional wooden appearance about them; but it was sad to hear that, because of the world shortage of timber, concrete vats and steel barrels must replace the cooper's masterpieces we know.

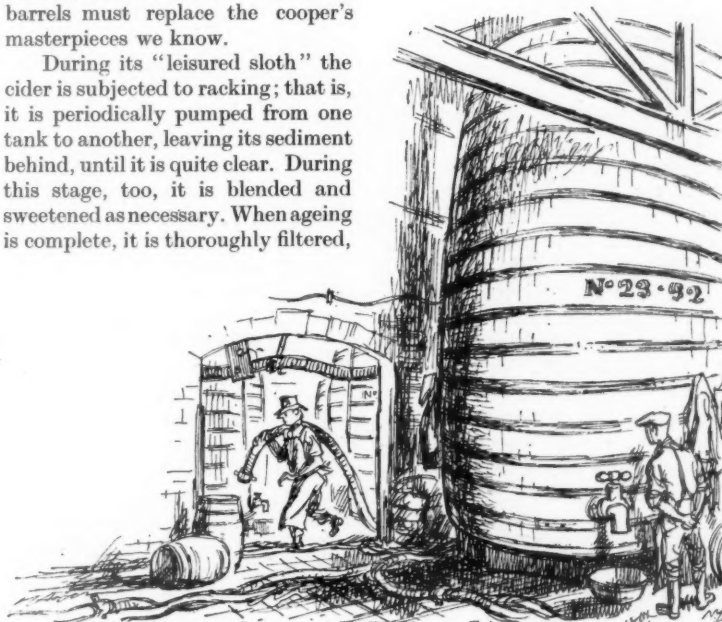
During its "leisured sloth" the cider is subjected to racking; that is, it is periodically pumped from one tank to another, leaving its sediment behind, until it is quite clear. During this stage, too, it is blended and sweetened as necessary. When ageing is complete, it is thoroughly filtered,



and then only requires a sparkle to be ready for pouring into casks or bottles.

The sparkle is imparted by forcing in carbon dioxide under pressure, except in the case of "champagne cider," in which, by a process like that used for champagne, an intrinsic sparkle of its own is induced. Filling, corking and labelling are done by machinery; but your correspondent surprised an operative squatting on the floor behind several thousand bottles and packing them by hand into cases for export to Freetown and Port Sudan. Yes, he said, he reckoned a good deal went to the dollar areas, but he couldn't rightly say which those were. How did your correspondent reckon Norwich City were going to do this season?

B. A. YOUNG



## AT THE PICTURES

*Under Capricorn—Madame Bovary*

AFTER—and indeed during—its successful run in New York, *Under Capricorn* (Director: ALFRED HITCHCOCK) has had a tepid reception from many critics over here. Much of the criticism seems to be based on the fact that this is not the sort of thing we have grown to expect from Mr. HITCHCOCK, and much more on the assertion that this is not what we want from INGRID BERGMAN or MICHAEL WILDING or MARGARET LEIGHTON either; which, in fact, means that if none of these talented people had ever been heard of before there would be no special reason to object. Well, I'm all for taking a picture as it is without reference to the fact that several people concerned are making new departures—unless it is to praise them for so doing, as I certainly venture to praise Miss LEIGHTON for her portrayal of an insanely jealous housekeeper. Conventional villainess or not, this is extremely well done, and to talk about "miscasting" seems to me quite irrelevant. Again, to be sure, there are no "Hitchcock tricks," and the small excellences of technique do not bear the Master's trade-mark; but I'm inclined to give him part of the credit for the fact that my attention was held continuously, as it very seldom is by a long costume melodrama.

I have not read HELEN SIMPSON's novel from which—by way of an intervening play—this is adapted. The period is 1831, the place New South Wales, and no doubt the point of the book was somewhat less obvious than what we have here—a simple melodramatic situation involving a rich ex-convict, his dipsomaniac wife, and the young man from the Old Country who brings about her recovery. It isn't a great film by any means, but it is done with something more than

competence. There are passages of splendid acting, notably Miss BERGMAN's scene in which the wife tells the story of a murder long ago; and the Technicolor is used most attractively and ingeniously. I was particularly pleased by the stylized



Avoidable Duplicity

Hon. Charles Adare—MICHAEL WILDING; Sam Flusky—JOSEPH COTTEN; Lady Henrietta Flusky—INGRID BERGMAN; *Capricornus*—A SEA GOAT

distance-shots at the beginning, like gently animated colour-prints of the period.

For the sake of an audience that doesn't know about the novel of *Madame Bovary* (Director: VINCENTE MINNELLI), the film has to start with what may justifiably be called a terrific build-up. We open on a court scene, with the author (JAMES MASON) eloquently defending his book against the charge that it defames French womanhood: "Let me take you back," he says, "not to the passages the Public Attorney has read to you, but—" but, one irreverently concludes, to those the Johnston Office (once the Hays Office) will allow to be put into a film. Then he runs through them, and the scenes are shown as it were in flashback. In fact what we get is not an attempt to convey the real flavour of the novel—I admit this isn't exactly a probable undertaking for filmmakers who are business men—but a summary narration in a different manner, to a different kind of audience, with a

different aim. Well, as the simple tragedy of a beautiful snob whose ambition ruins her, this is all right; the film is not concerned to show subtleties of character, and JENNIFER JONES does very nicely what there is to do. The "*mœurs de province*" are entertainingly presented, and there's a good deal of visual pleasure in the piece. But there are parts of it that aren't otherwise very interesting.

\* \* \*

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*The Third Man* (14/9/49) is still running in London; so is that cheerful Astaire-Rogers musical *The Barkleys of Broadway* (14/9/49). More recent offerings include the stagey but hilarious *The Chiltern Hundreds* (12/10/49). At the head of the releases is *The Snake Pit* (1/6/49); don't be put off by its lurid reputation—it is not "harrowing." *Command Decision* I missed, but I know it's worth seeing. Disappointing as a Danny Kaye film, *A Song is Born* (24/8/49) is still good light tuneful entertainment. RICHARD MALLETT

[*Madame Bovary*]

Emma was a Lady or Nothing but the Truth

Emma Bovary—JENNIFER JONES;  
Gustave Flaubert—JAMES MASON

## DON'T TELL A SOUL

"If you ask me," said Paynter, "this next election will produce the biggest sensation in history. I've studied the situation very carefully and I can now see exactly what will happen."

"I seem to remember," I said, "that you saw what would happen in 1945."

"Never mind about that," said Paynter. "That was mere speculation: this is scientific analysis."

"After the lesson of the last Presidential Election in the United States," I said, "I should have thought you'd be a little more wary of forecasts based on scientific analysis."

"On the contrary," said Paynter, "the development of scientific prognostication, coupled with our new knowledge of mass psychology, helps enormously: it guarantees sensational results."

"In other words?" I said.

"In other words," said Paynter, "both parties will try desperately hard this time to *lose* the election by a narrow margin. A lot of Socialists would like to see the Tories inherit the economic crisis for a few years, and as the campaign develops I believe this will become the official party line. On the other hand I'm quite certain that many Tories would like the Socialists to go on stewing in their own juice."

"Yes, I agree, but I still don't..."

"At first the tactics of both sides will be quite straightforward. The campaign will open with surprisingly honest statements of policy. Neither side will promise anything at all, and the first straw-votes will show that the country is evenly divided."

"They always do at first," I said.

"Then the fun will start. First, a leading Socialist will make a dramatic speech at Blackburn—hinting at higher taxes, less food and atomic piles in every town and village. And the Tories will counter this, in a speech at Bath, with vague threats of higher prices, mass unemployment and war on the slightest provocation."

"And a straw-vote will show,"



"Bad luck, Charlie. Mrs. Blaikie isn't coming out to-day."

I said, "that the parties are still running neck and neck?"

"Exactly: that's when the battle really begins," said Paynter. "Transport House now instructs every Labour candidate to borrow large flashy limousines for his electioneering, to make long, boring speeches all over his constituency, and answer no questions. Conservative Party H.Q. will then instruct its candidates to canvass working-class districts at the most inconvenient time for the housewife, to slap crying babies, drop bricks and..."

"This is all very amusing," I said, "but when do we come to the point?"

"Then on the eve of the election the Tories will engineer a Scare: they'll put out a statement that the Conservatives are secretly pledged to close all hospitals, schools, works

canteens and football grounds. And the Labour Party will disclose a secret agreement between Vyshinsky and Bevin whereby Britain is to become part of the U.S.S.R."

"And the result?"

"Haven't you guessed?"

"A dead-heat?"

"No."

"The Tories just get in?"

"No."

"The Socialists then?"

"No, I warned you, didn't I, that the results would be sensational!"

"You mean — gosh! the Liberals."

"Precisely, and with a clear majority."

"Then we'd better keep it dark."

"Don't tell a soul."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



## "AHOY!"

TRAVELLING by ferry—the small, intimate, personal-touch kind—may be a simple thing when you are accustomed to it. We would not dream of arguing the point. But to us it is anything but simple. We are not a ferry-using family, living, as we do, in an unferried area.

A two-oar-power ferry was, in fact, a New Experience in our lives. We savoured its approach with relish as we sat sipping coffee on a wooden verandah looking across the tiny Cornish estuary to the lonely miles of sand dunes that invited us.

There seemed nothing much to it, really. The would-be ferried, it appeared, merely sauntered down the sand between the boats and the bits of boats in a straight line indicative of purpose and aim. Whereupon the ferryman appeared and rowed them across a strip of pure emerald.

Simple, colourful and poetically primitive, as I pointed out. And, of course, dead easy.

We finished our coffee and descended the beach, to find the ferryman walking heavily away with a bit of rope that needed to be done things either to or with.

"Can you," we asked him, "take us across?"

His expression begged the whole beach to give him patience.



*"Clipped back and sides, scissored on top, okayed by hand-mirror, brushed, sprayed, combed and parted; shoulders brushed, coat adjusted and jacket tugged, please."*

"What?" he said. "Now?"

Thinking that perhaps an unbargained-for Close Season for ferries might have come upon us by stealth, we faltered that, if it could be managed, now would do very well.

Wordlessly he threw away his bit of rope and indicated the boat. We climbed into it. Our passage was silent, after one hideously abortive attempt at bright conversation about rowing-boats being such jolly things. The ferryman's expression sent back the Water Rat unquoted.

We had no small change, nor had he. So we paid him for the return trip, with a comfortable margin to relieve his obvious pain and suffering.

Many hours later we returned to find the estuary now considerably wider, no ferryman in sight and nobody about who wanted to be ferried. Except, of course, us—with our passage paid.

We stood on the bank and wondered. Nothing happened, except that the estuary got wider still and we found ourselves edging back into the dunes. A man in a hut doorway eyed us curiously.

Would he excuse us, and how did one bring about the ferry?

He gestured vaguely.

"Just wave and shout," he said. "Wave and shout."

For some reason we shall never know, the only wave we could summon was a ridiculous, vague, baby-go-tata gesture that wouldn't have scared a crow. It is queerly embarrassing to stand and wave familiarly across an estuary at a strange bank you hardly know. Shouting was obviously called for. What should one shout?

Not for an instant was there any doubt. The blood of centuries of highly sea-girt ancestors bubbled the word into my brain. What other word was there to shout, in such a place and in such circumstances, but "Ahoy"?

We are not an "Ahoy" shouting family, either. It is a word we never use among ourselves, preferring it to remain on the shelves along with the lubbers and belaying-pins of

seafaring literature. Nevertheless, "Ahoy" it had to be. Preferable by far to "I say," or "Yoo-hoo." The family gazed expectantly at its head.

So I squared my shoulders, cupped my hands and, for the first time in my life, shouted "Ahoy!"

It was, though I say it myself, a magnificent "Ahoy." The family gazed at me in startled admiration, the gulls flew up in dudgeon, the man in the hut stuck his head, with its mouth open, out of the doorway. I fought back a wild urge to add something about clewing up the foretopgallant skysail.

Across the estuary a door flew open in what we had mentally dismissed as a quaint ruin, and the familiar bulk of the ferryman stamped down the sand to his boat. I watched his struggle against the tide with quiet pride. A whole new world was open to the man who could utter an authoritative "Ahoy." Mine had obviously had the ring of command. There would be conversation on the return trip, in which nauticalities would be produced, nodded at and lightly dismissed.

The boat grounded and we climbed in. The ferryman glowered at me.

"What were you shouting about?" he demanded. "I saw you."

"Well, you see," I said, "we asked how we——"

"You can't get across here just when you want, you know," said the ferryman.

We forbore to ask him when, then, we could. Obviously there were things to know about ferries.

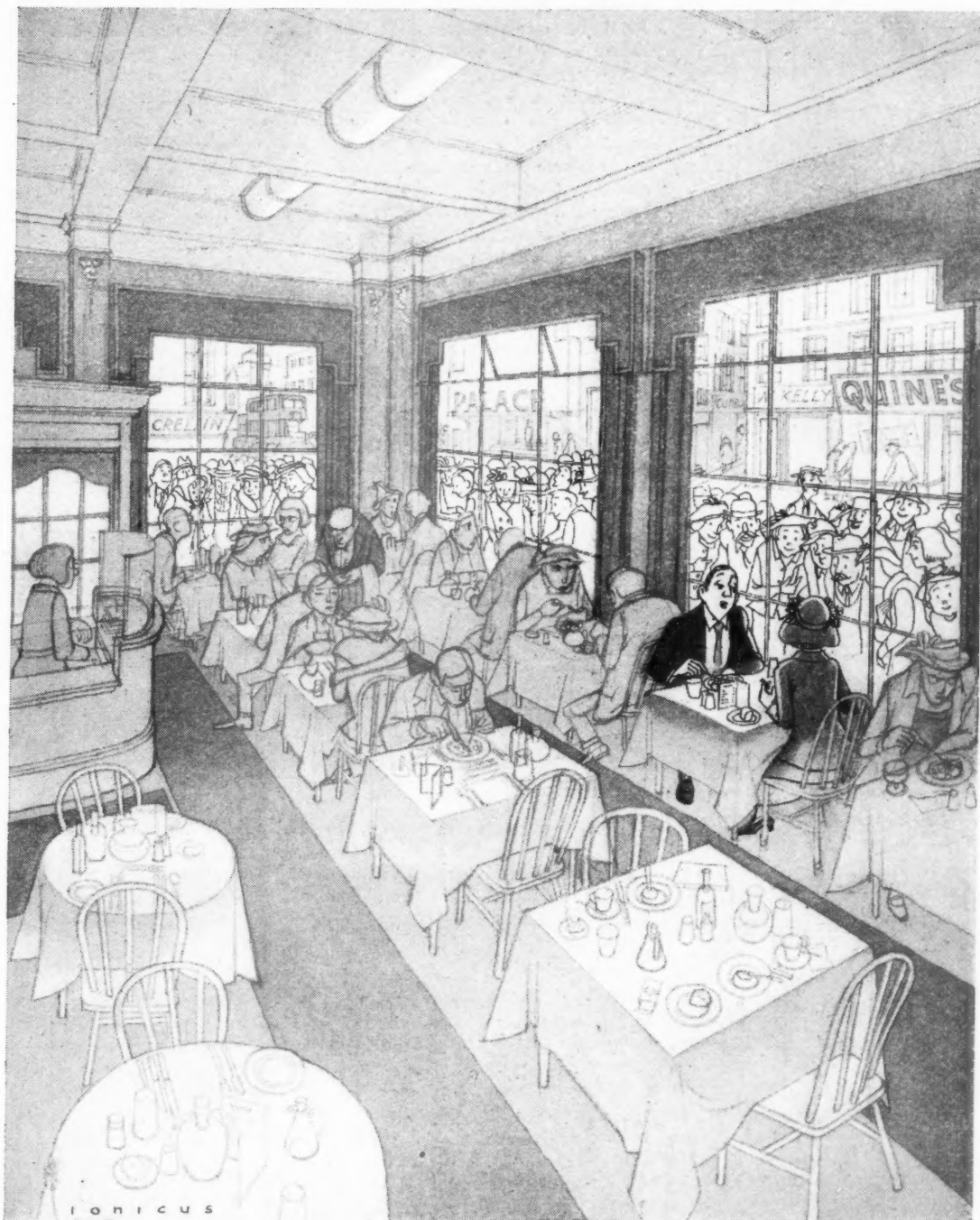
The return trip was silent, choppy and damp. As we climbed the steep sand on the farther side we looked what we are—not an "Ahoy" shouting family: a family who should, by rights, have gone the long way round by bus.

We belong, after all, to the world that attracts attention with a polite "Ahem."

5 5

### Impending Apology

"A LEGACY.—Typical of the generosity of the late Mr. — is a bequest of £100 made by him to our parish. We are indebted to Mrs. — for making this available to us sooner than he had intended."—Parish magazine



*"I know it's a bit embarrassing by the windows, but we do get larger helpings."*

## END OF A FEUD

LOVERIDGE would never have dared to try it on me if he had known about the feud that began before he was born.

His father kept the cycle-shop when I was a small boy, and mended my first puncture. You may say that mending punctures doesn't normally start feuds. Perhaps not: but what does, is finding out after the fifth puncture or so that your inner tube has been removed and foully replaced by an old perished one of Loveridge's father's.

Though Loveridge runs a garage, and scorns bicycles, I have never forgotten. I know that he is able to run a garage only because of the fortune he inherited from his father—a fortune amassed chiefly by replacing small boys' inner tubes by old perished ones.

So when I saw a red car outside Loveridge's garage with a black-board on the bonnet saying "£25. Good Running Order. £25," I thought of Loveridge's father.

Loveridge came out, whistling nonchalantly and looking at the sky, as I was brooding.

"Lovely day," he said.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

Loveridge looked at me sharply, and looked at the sky again.

"The car, I mean."

He laughed nastily.

"Wonder why they all ask me that?" he said. "It's a funny thing: if I'd 'ave asked fifty there'd a been a queue 'alf a mile long. Ask twenty-five, and 'What's wrong with it?' Beats me."

He started to pat the radiator, but quickly removed his hand and said something under his breath which I didn't catch.

We walked round the car together.

"Battery all right?" I asked.

"Smashin'," said Loveridge.

"Starts at a touch from dead cold. Before, almost."

"Lights?" I asked.

"Blazin'," said Loveridge. "You don't never 'ave to use the 'eads. The sides'll throw a beam 'alf a mile down the road. Farther."

"Brakes?"

"You want to be careful with them brakes," said Loveridge. "They'll pull you up that sudden you'll 'ave the treads tore off."

This was my chance. "That reminds me, Loveridge," I said quietly, looking him straight in the eye. "What about the inners?"

He drew in his breath sharply.

"Loveridge," I went on relentlessly, "how well do you remember your father?"

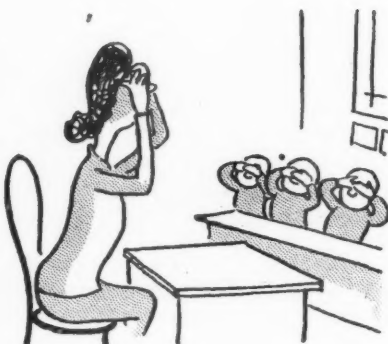
Without a word Loveridge went into the garage. When he returned a few minutes later he avoided my eye. Silently I watched while he removed all four wheels and replaced the heavily patched inner tubes by new ones.

As I walked away I thought of Loveridge's father without bitterness. The feud was ended: justice had been done.

At the corner I turned.

On Loveridge's blackboard were the words:

"£50. Perfect Running Order. £50."







"Can you make a lot of  
different words with them?"

### EMOTIONAL INTERLUDE

THE evening skies were swathed in a grim subfusc  
hue,

The air hung heavy with urgent promise of rain;  
But a splendour shone as I waited there in the bus  
queue—

I had seen my darling again!

Another man now, one lofty of pose and feature,  
With shepherding hand escorted her through the  
throng,

And she took no heed of the lorn and shivering creature  
Whose path she had shared so long.

The bonnet I loved rode gaily still on the quaint head,  
She wore as of old that coat of remembered blue;  
But her offside wing had apparently been repainted,  
And one of the tyres was new.

Ah, little he recks, poor youth, of the dangers lurking;  
He fancies himself the luckiest mortal born

Because just now there are three whole cylinders  
working  
And a noise comes out of the horn.

What horrors unknown shall shatter the dreams that  
blind him,

What mortifications await that arrogance yet—  
The mid-stream stall and the shouts from the car  
behind him,  
The long walks home in the wet!

For me, I have vowed ten beautiful sets of verses  
In honour of him I never can bless too much,  
Apollo, the driver's god, by whose dear mercies  
I escaped from that awful clutch.

Yet bitterness lies in the core of our sweetest pleasure,  
In the jubilant hour we pause from our mirth to weep.  
Ah, what possessed me to part with my only treasure?  
Or why did I sell so cheap? M. H. LONGSON

## THE LAST ROSE

THE Red Rose was clearly discernible in the bus-park between three Golden Hinds, a Purple Rambler, five Blue Birds and a chocolate and cream vehicle called Kosikoach. Long ago, when the Red Rose was a mere bud and our seaside a pine-girt inlet without the attraction of ice-cream parlours and skyscrapers, it set us down at, and took us away from, a clearing in the woods on the same site as the concreted bus-park. In those primitive days our coach was an unserviceable pink, having eight brass-handled doors on each side for easy exit in the event of fire or attack by highwaymen. Seats were upholstered in something slippery so that passengers were pressed heavily against each other on sharp corners, while the possibility of being catapulted out of one of the doors was an accepted risk. When the business of adjusting the capacious and multi-strutted canopy against an impending storm is added to the previous hazard, the mobile juke-box into which the Red Rose has developed may be seen as a milestone on the road of progress. Checking our tickets with the driver on this occasion, we glowed with the sense of participation in big events. According to the date, the company's schedule gave this as the last run of the season, and everyone knows there is something specially dramatic about last things, particularly about last vehicles to and from places, viz: The Last Plane to Berlin, The Last Train for Madrid, The Last Ship for Singapore. What the Last Red Rose Luxury Coach from Havenmouth may lack in dramatic effect compared with the others it certainly makes up in physical splendour.

Slipping into a seat fashioned for round shoulders, we watched other people's leave-takings and thought about the psychology of the coastal coach driver who must constantly dandle the seaside before his eyes, only to dash it wilfully away as he slips into gear for the return journey. The Red Rose gave a full-throated roar as it passed the

familiar public gardens where already attendants were dismantling the illuminations. There was a glimpse of an ice-cream palace and the pier, the sea dazzled briefly between the Pavilion and Pine Cliffs Hotel and was suddenly gone for another year. Then up we drove, over those heathered hills to the heart of the New Forest, through Lyndhurst, where a game of cricket was taking place on what must be one of England's loveliest greens, and on and on . . .

Slowly the heads nodded until all but the most youthful chin had found its owner's waistcoat or blouse, and our minds played over episodic flashbacks from the holiday, until an amount of braking warned that the Red Rose had reached Winchester and would be halting at a place where refreshment is taken at an inn and a café crowded into the shell of a primly Georgian residence. Clustered in the grounds of a once stately park were Blue Birds, Lincoln Greens, Golden Hinds, and Silver Clouds by the dozen, while the Red Rose met a sister travelling from another part of the coast, so that there was much hailing and mutual bun-eating between the two drivers.

At this point it occurred to us that we coach-goers play our part as a major scourge of the countryside, or at least a formidable enemy of the old order of things, which we profess to admire. For a million points of the British Isles are every day referred to as being "spoiled by motor-coaches," and while this may often be taken as meaning simply "made available to the common man," it does not say that motor-coaches find a moral supporter even among their most regular customers. They are, however, colourful, do not give off acrid smoke or employ hundreds of miles of unsightly track. They band people together in greater numbers and for longer periods of time than do railway compartments, and passengers are exposed to the rigour of life with each other's children for as much as a day at a time. This

breeds such useful things as the community spirit and tolerance (not to mention community singing among the day-trippers).

The twenty minutes' halt over, we started out on the road again, and the urban week-end traffic thickened towards Alton. Brown legs of recumbent hikers and bikers shot up from the downs like mushroom stalks, while along the Hog's Back pressure stoves were kindled and bloomed. Soon we were thundering downhill in a torrent of traffic, passing on our right that gaunt cathedral which seems to have been under scaffolding for so long. From here onwards to Ripley, Cobham and along the purple-bordered road to Esher, hundreds of roadside sun-worshippers sat on banks and tufts and fences to sift the last nuggets out of a golden Sunday. Then Sandown Park—drenched in tomato juice, for the sun had now set—Raynes Park, with its seed nursery, which looks so much better from the train; and on to Merton, Tooting and Balham, and Clapham. Soon there were passengers descending, sun-tanned and tired, into the treeless and darkened streets of home. The last Red Rose of summer had delivered its passengers from Havenmouth, and ground to a halt outside the depot. As the author received his bag he pressed a half-crown into the driver's hand.

"Tell me, how do you feel about doing your last run from the coast?"

Pushing his cap to the back of his head, our driver yawned and scratched his brow.

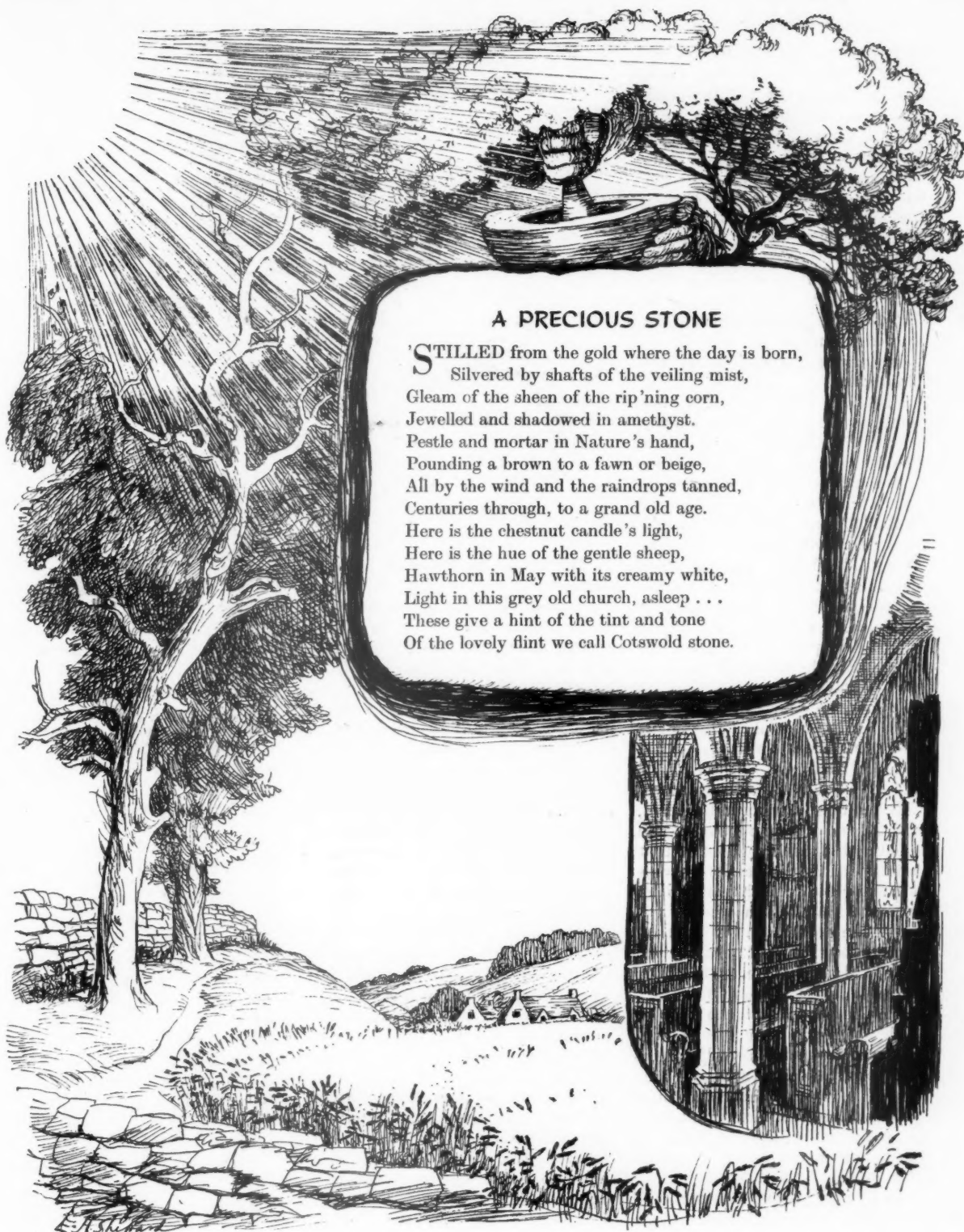
"Oh, I don't know, guv'nor," he replied. "There's football matches and private parties and all sorts in winter. We keep pretty busy, you know."

So that was that. Somehow one had preferred to think that the Red Rose ceased to exist after the summer.

§ §

## Distressed Gentlefolk

"The show was started to raise money for charity; this year's profits went to Windsor Division Conservative Association."—*Local paper*



### A PRECIOUS STONE

'STILLED from the gold where the day is born,  
Silvered by shafts of the veiling mist,  
Gleam of the sheen of the rip'ning corn,  
Jewelled and shadowed in amethyst.  
Pestle and mortar in Nature's hand,  
Pounding a brown to a fawn or beige,  
All by the wind and the raindrops tanned,  
Centuries through, to a grand old age.  
Here is the chestnut candle's light,  
Here is the hue of the gentle sheep,  
Hawthorn in May with its creamy white,  
Light in this grey old church, asleep . . .  
These give a hint of the tint and tone  
Of the lovely flint we call Cotswold stone.



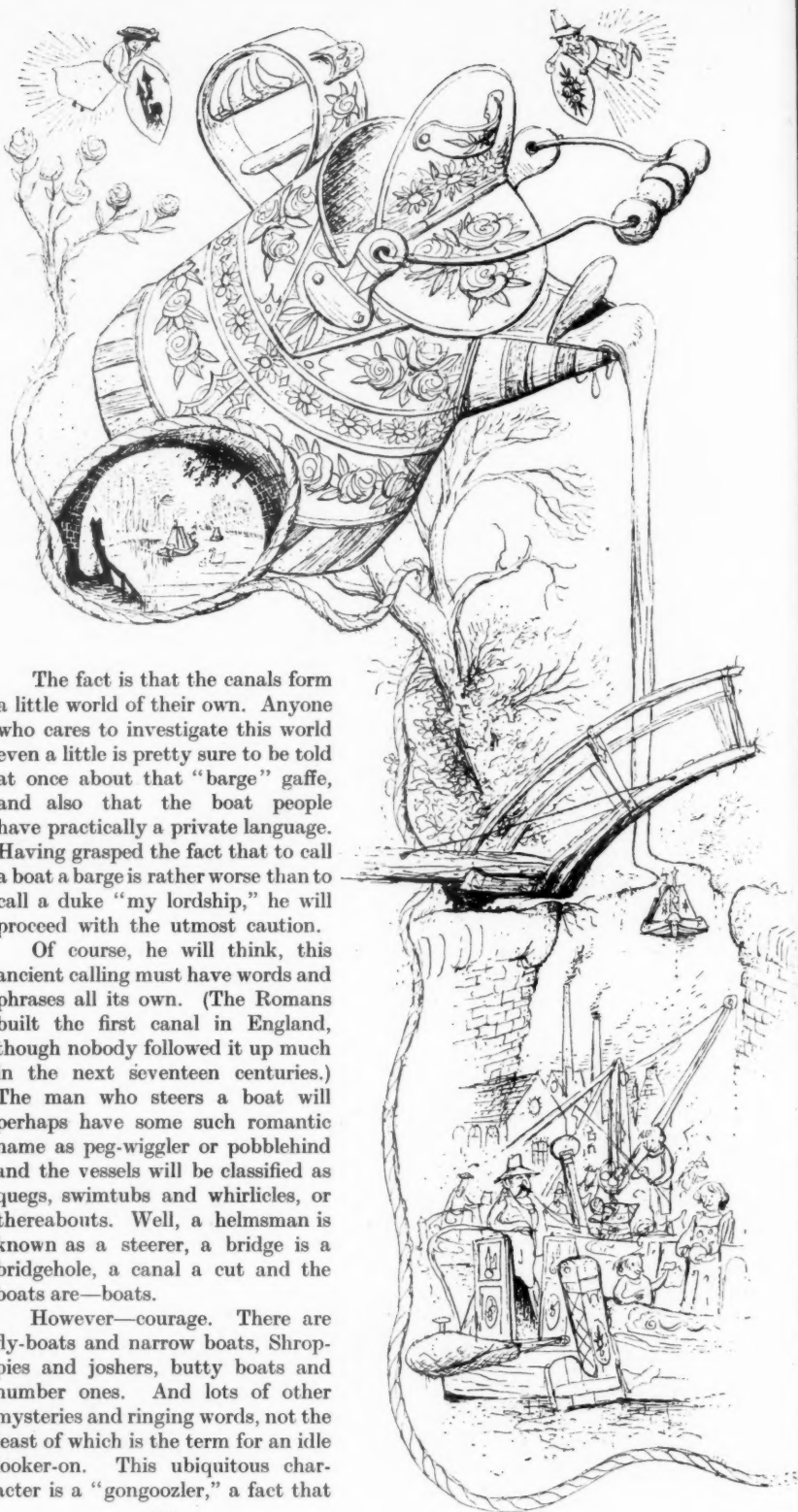
## CANALS

THE passenger who travels by train between Newbury and Pewsey (through Great Bedwyn and Savernake) may notice many pairs of black gates standing up to their shoulders in water. From the time when the present writer grew tall enough to flatten his nose against the pane these gates formed a protracted but familiar landmark. They were locks, he was told cryptically. And in due course, from the very much more satisfactory vantage point of a punt, he learned the magic and mystery of these (or at any rate similar) great black gates.

Later, a good deal later, the same little boy stood on the towing-path of that same Kennet and Avon Canal that runs below Savernake and wondered if it were really as good a line of defence as the builders of the pillboxes in the wood seemed to hope. There are no locks between Wilcot and Bedwyn and the water weed lay matted like a carpet. Across the fields huge machines were digging a narrower but deeper ditch. The poor old canal was not thought worthy of respect even as a tank obstacle.

Now the tank trap has been filled in and the pillboxes have lost their camouflage, but the weed still floats on the water. The boats have not come back. Perhaps they never will. Perhaps, on the other hand, the British Transport Commission will see to it that they do, now that railways and most inland waterways are under one ownership and do not compete against each other.

There are many such "navigations" as this in England's two thousand miles of canals, but there are also many that are still busy. Does this mean that horses still plod hither and yon about the towing-paths of England while jolly barges fling blistering abuse at anyone they meet? Not at all. For one thing, a barge, at fourteen feet, is much too wide for most of the canals, and for another there are no barges. There are boats—seven-foot "narrow boats" mostly—and boatmen, and the manners of the latter are quite as good as yours and mine.



The fact is that the canals form a little world of their own. Anyone who cares to investigate this world even a little is pretty sure to be told at once about that "barge" gaffe, and also that the boat people have practically a private language. Having grasped the fact that to call a boat a barge is rather worse than to call a duke "my lordship," he will proceed with the utmost caution.

Of course, he will think, this ancient calling must have words and phrases all its own. (The Romans built the first canal in England, though nobody followed it up much in the next seventeen centuries.) The man who steers a boat will perhaps have some such romantic name as peg-wiggler or pobblehind and the vessels will be classified as quegs, swimtubs and whirlicles, or thereabouts. Well, a helmsman is known as a steerer, a bridge is a bridgehole, a canal a cut and the boats are—boats.

However—courage. There are fly-boats and narrow boats, Shrop-pies and joshers, butty boats and number ones. And lots of other mysteries and ringing words, not the least of which is the term for an idle looker-on. This ubiquitous character is a "gongoozler," a fact that

should be far more widely known throughout the English-speaking world. Furthermore, let a myth be exploded. The existence of the fabulous Horse Marines is not a myth at all. They are—or were, alas!—Yorkshire contractors for towage by horse. Now most of the boats have engines and, as R. H. Barham might have said:

*Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!*

The horse marines die and are lost to me, lost to me!

The trouble with the canals was that the transport they provided was vastly cheaper than that of the new-fangled iron road, whose owners made it their business to close many of them down, if necessary by purchase and deliberate neglect. With this transition the cloud of the Industrial Revolution, which they had made possible, came dismally down on the boat people and their self-sufficient gipsy ways. There still remained a considerable system of active waterways and canal companies, but traffic slumped.

Particularly did the "Number Ones" become fewer and fewer. Now a Number One is an independent boat, worked by its owner and his family, the free-lances of the canals. The people of these boats were the traditional aristocracy of their calling, and they maintained this proud standing without difficulty in spite of the fact that as often as not they were unable to read or write. There is something rather taking in the idea of spending a whole lifetime, from birth to death, in the same small quarters in which one's father and grandfather did the same, with no nonsense about

newspapers or wireless or—well, with absolutely no nonsense at all. A moleskin suit with bell-bottomed trousers was the correct outfit for such a life, with possibly an ear-ring or two and a bright belt. Mrs. Boatman wore many yards of flowing black, some of the yardage being accounted for, in fine weather, by a sun-bonnet of characteristic design.

To the paddler in football pools this form of waterborne existence may perhaps seem lacking in appeal, but it must have had—and has—considerable charm none the less. The traditional dress has all but vanished, and the standard of education has risen to a level at which the water gipsy can find the world as depressing as anyone else.

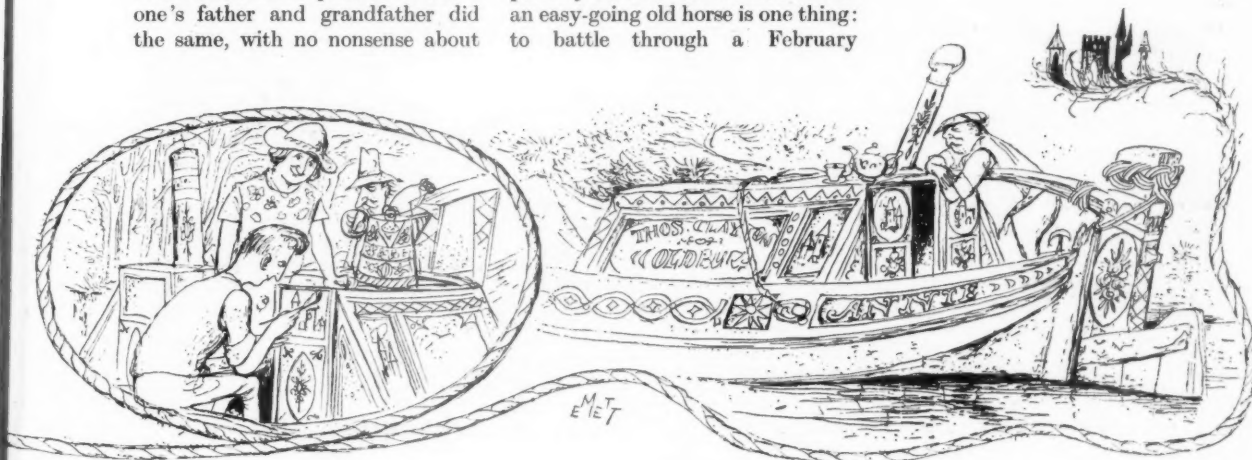
Another thing that has fallen on evil times is the waterside inn. The plodding horse having been almost entirely superseded by the puffing paraffin engine, these pleasant pubs have lost much of their trade and many of them have shut their doors for ever. An inn by the canal bank, remote from habitations, was a wondrous place for fellowship when the boats moored close to it of an evening and the people came ashore. But now they can go steaming by, and do, since the dark of a long winter evening is small barrier to the hawk eyes of a boat captain.

However, anyone who may feel himself so far carried away by a feeling of nostalgia for a past that he has never known as to wish to try it for himself would do well to pause and reflect. To drift along placidly between the willows behind an easy-going old horse is one thing: to battle through a February

blizzard in the bleak squalor of the Black Country and the Potteries quite another. Nor has it ever been very much fun to take a horse-boat underground. When this has to be done the horse is led over the top of the hill and the crew work their passage by lying on their backs and walking along the roof or sides of the tunnel, what time an icy shower descends upon their persons. As boats usually work in pairs, moreover, they will probably be propelling not only their own seventy-foot craft but another of equal size as well, the towed "butty boat."

Poof! you say? What is a little tunnel more or less? The answer to that is, that it depends on the length of the tunnel. Take your boats along the Huddersfield Canal, for example, and you will be mightily surprised to find yourself underground for nearly four miles.

Better, on the whole, for the landlubber to lean meditatively on the parapet of a country bridge—preferably at some place with a name like Twentypence or Totterdown—and watch the boats go by. He can admire the beautifully painted roses and castles, which have not yet quite vanished from the scene, on the cans, on the cabin roofs and on the boats themselves, and drop a friendly—and, I insist, respectful—greeting to the captain and his wife and children. Let him reflect, as he does so, that something very old and admirable in the English scene is passing quietly beneath his feet.



## THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XXI

A SHORT time ago I cut out of my daily newspaper a little piece of what I suppose would be called Government propaganda. It lies on my desk as I write. At the head is the statement, in bold type, "There's No Back Door in Queer Street": at the foot, the words "Issued by the Ministry of Labour and National Service." The intervening space is filled by a conversation between two characters named Alf Higson and Owd Snack. Higson tells of how, as a youth, he dealt one of his companions a blow on the nose and was pursued by him up Queer Street. The street being a cul-de-sac, he was forced to turn and fight. Describing his victory, Higson confesses that this youthful adventure always springs to his mind when he hears that the country is in a bad way. Snack now comes in with some remarks on the folly of turning one's back on an

unpleasant situation. He condemns what he calls "gruntin' an' grousin'," and ends a vigorous outburst on a note of passion with a plea for "a bit o' ladin' an' teemin'."

It seemed to me that this propaganda might be brought before a larger public if it could by some means be embodied in a radio play. The principal difficulty appeared to be that the Government had chosen to deliver its message to the people in the Lancashire dialect, and while I was sure that they must have good reason to believe that its impact would be greater in this form, I doubted my ability to sustain it through an entire radio play. After examining the piece more carefully, however, I saw that the dialect was not so rich as had appeared at first sight. Thus, for "It's a matter of urgency" the Government had "It's a matter o' urgency"—better, really, with its

flavour of earthy wisdom, but not very easy to say, I found. "Ah" was substituted for "I," "thee" or "tha" for "you," "thi" for "your" and "aye" for "yes." "G's" were clipped and the "d" omitted from "and." Hardly any other changes were made, except towards the end, when some attempt was made to recommend a course of action designed to alleviate the country's economic difficulties. Here the expression "a bit o' ladin' an' teemin'" was used, and this I took to mean energetic and forceful measures of some kind. Altogether, I felt that the dialogue need not be too troublesome.

It was obvious that the plot of my play must be strong and full of popular appeal. Propaganda alone will not grip, as the Government saw pretty clearly when they introduced theirs with the boy Higson's assault on his youthful companion.



*"Here's a most convincing article on why doctors will never become servants of the State."*



Edgar Allan Poe maintained, if I remember aright, that the work which will in *all* cases prove most acceptable to the public is that in which beauty is most nearly allied to sadness. From this he went on to argue, shrewdly enough, it seemed to me, that the work most certain to be received with acclamation is one which deals with the death of a beautiful woman. Now I had resolved to dispense with the Government's little story of the blow on the nose since I felt that it was not very well suited to the radio; nevertheless, I regarded their choice of an introduction with respect and I looked through several specimens of their propaganda in the hope that I might find something to guide me in the construction of my play. In not one did I find so much as a mention of the death of a beautiful woman, and I was forced to conclude that either the Government did not share Poe's views on the matter, or that for some reason hidden from me, perhaps of higher party policy, they had decided to sacrifice an apparently certain means of gaining the public attention.

It now occurred to me that I could solve my difficulties by introducing my propaganda into a work already popular with the public. My mind was still full of Poe and I chose "The Premature Burial."

From this point all went smoothly. Snack tells Higson of an occasion when he feared that he had been buried alive and describes the symptoms of the malady whose effects might have exposed him to the danger of such a mishap:

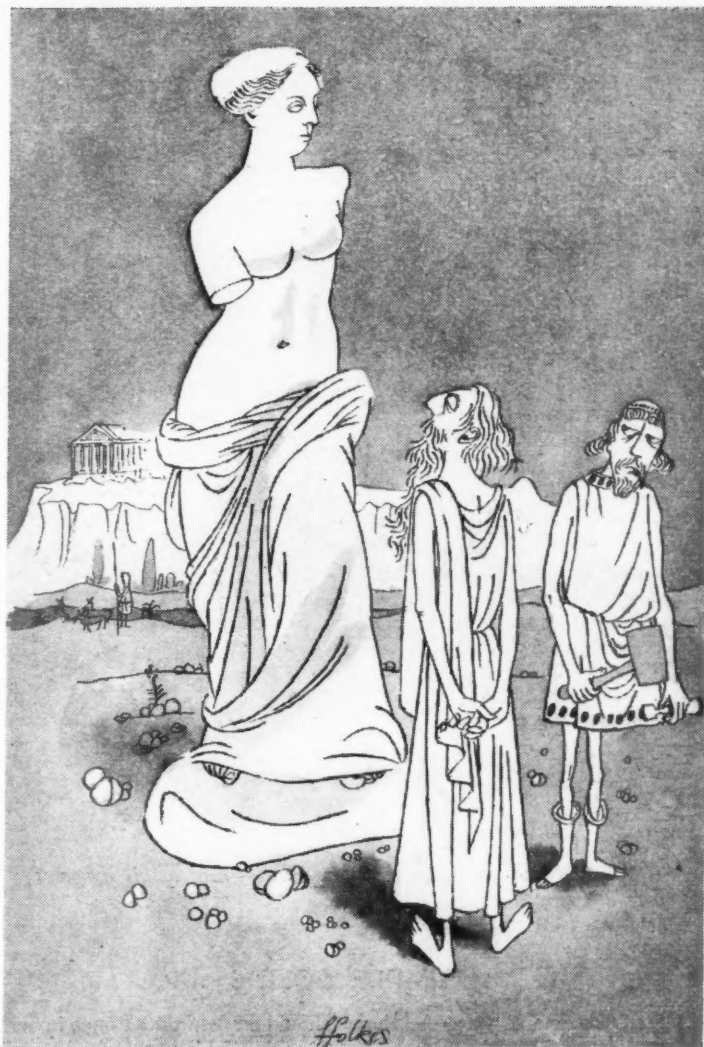
*Snack.* Sometimes Ah sank into a condition o' syncope or half-swoon.

*Higson.* Aye?

*Snack.* In all that Ah endured there was no physical sufferin', but o' moral distress an infinitude.

*Higson.* Aye?

Snack then describes how the adventure, by curing him of morbid imaginings, taught him to face reality ("Ah went abroad. Ah took vigorous exercise") and expresses the opinion that if the whole industrial population, workers and management alike, could each undergo a similar ordeal, their reaction to



"I can't do arms."

it would be reflected in an upward surge of exports. Higson concurs, and after a brief development of this theme the piece comes to an end.

One of the advantages of this form of radio work is that the dramatist would presumably receive payment from two sources—the Government and the B.B.C. I have no experience in such matters, but I have always been a believer in negotiation at the highest possible level, and in the case of the Government I feel that a straightforward letter to Mr. Attlee would be the

best method of approach. The writer would simply enclose his play and state his price, and I think that it would do no harm to say pretty bluntly that no less would be accepted. The radio dramatist has no time to waste in petty haggling through the post, and Mr. Attlee would no doubt be glad to be spared the necessity of an attempt to strike a bargain which the recent outcry against heavy Government expenditure would almost certainly compel him to make.

T. S. WATT



*"You'll find the Baron very progressive—none of his dungeons have any bars."*

## SIMPLE SOLIDS

"THERE's one of those mathematical problems in this newspaper. You'll probably be able to do it easily."

"Why me, rather than yourself?"

"Because you're in the habit of quoting arithmetic as though it were Shakespeare."

"Arithmetic and mathematics have little in common: an aptitude for arithmetic isn't necessarily associated with mathematical ability. Even Einstein is said to have become confused over the change for his tram-fare on one occasion."

"Am I to infer that you don't care for mathematics?"

"No, but I should say that my interest in mathematics is negative rather than positive. Perhaps I

should explain that I once invented a system which more or less eliminates what I consider to be one of the least attractive features of geometry. At the same time, I put the whole thing on a more practical basis."

"What was the feature of geometry that you particularly wanted to avoid?"

"Old  $\pi$ . I took a dislike to it from the very beginning."

"I should have thought  $\pi$  was one of the corner-stones of geometry—that is, unless you stick to straight lines, of course."

"Well, with my system  $\pi$  hardly came into it at all."

"I'd like to know how you managed that. I must admit I never cared much for  $\pi$  myself."

"It was quite simple, really. I had three pieces of apparatus—one of which was never used, by the way—and they provided most of the sort of answers I was required to give."

"What were these pieces of apparatus?"

"They were a small man-hole cover, and a hat-box and a half Belisha Beacon."

"I didn't think you could have a half Belisha Beacon."

"This was. It screwed together in the middle, or rather it would have if I'd had the other half, but that had a geranium in, I think."

"What was the point of having these things, anyway?"

"They were standards of measurement, like Greenwich Time."

"Well, how did you use the man-hole cover?"

"At the beginning I had to make a concession to  $\pi$  in order to find its area and circumference, but once I knew those, finding the dimensions of any other circle could usually be reduced to an ordinary proportion sum in arithmetic."

"I see. But was that really any simpler than the usual methods?"

"Probably the reverse, but my object with the man-hole cover was merely to eliminate  $\pi$ . Actually, I found solid geometry much more satisfactory, because it was more practical."

"In what way?"

"Well, to start with the hat-box, I drew a line down the inside and marked off the depth in half-inches from the bottom. Then I got a pint mug and poured water into it—it was a water-proof hat-box—and I made another set of marks along the line for every pint I poured in, until it was full. So by the end of the process I knew the volume of the hat-box in pints."

"I shouldn't have thought that was much use to you. Speaking from my own experience, I can remember very few occasions when I was asked to find the volume of anything in pints—it was nearly always cubic inches, or something of that kind."

"I had to do it that way, because when I was looking after somebody's pet rat it managed to get out of its

cage one day and it ate the page in my geometry book which told you how to find the volume of a cylinder. But that didn't really matter, because after a few practical experiments with the pint mug and a couple of saucepans and the hat-box, I found out what the arithmetical relation between cylinders is. After that, if I wanted to know the volume of any other cylinder I only had to read off the number of pints at a suitable level, and then it was just another proportion sum to get the right answer. I must admit I received a certain amount of adverse criticism for giving my answers in pints, but, frankly, I didn't know how to convert them into anything else."

"But surely you must have found what the volume of a cylinder is, at some time or other."

"No, I never did. But as I've explained, it was more or less immaterial. And when I found out that a cone was a third of a cylinder I could deal with cones as well."

"Wasn't there a certain margin of error in the answers you got?"

"There was, of course, but it was a fairly accurate hat-box, and my answers were on the whole as nearly right as anyone expected. Besides, the people who marked them may have given me the benefit of the doubt, because they had to convert the pints into cubic inches or whatever it was and so there was a margin of error on their side as well."

"And what about the half Belisha Beacon? I suppose you used that to find the volumes of spheres?"

"That was what it was intended for, but actually I never needed it because I was told I had already gone far enough with solid geometry."

"Weren't you inclined to agree with that opinion?"

"Yes: by that time I'd thought of a better use for the half Belisha Beacon."

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me about that on some other occasion. In the meantime, I'd better try to do this problem myself—unless, of course, you also have a system for solid algebra?"

"Solid algebra? What an absurd notion—but then you're not a practical individual, like myself."

## IN AN OLD GARDEN

**R**ONSARD, the night is dark. The paths you might have known

Are choked with brambles now, the weeds run everywhere.

The little garden gods are chipped and overthrown,  
Yet, like the ghost of Spring, a fragrance haunts the air.

Perhaps if you should grope by yonder crumbling wall,  
Beyond the dark old yew, the broken urn—who knows?—

A nook may yet remain, where memory after all  
May dwell awhile with peace—and love's perennial rose.

I cannot see your face; but beautiful old rhyme,  
Music in lucid form that leads to lovelier light,  
And one clear lyric cry, across the gulf of time,  
May still the night-jar's note, and put ill dreams to flight.

O happy morning-star, lift up your heart and sing  
The beauty of the sun, so ancient and so new!  
Earth, in her blind old heart, foretells your heavenly Spring,

And men, who are nearing home, believe the tale is true.

ALFRED NOYES



"Item one on the agenda—holidays: where each of us went, what sort of time we had, et cetera. Will you kick off, Mr. Harcourt, please?"



## WATER-COLOURIST'S WORLD

THE old English water-colourist must have had a very pleasant time. Always on the move, like the hero of a picaresque novel, he would step out of his door with a few necessities in a carpet bag, his conveniently light equipment in a knapsack, hop into a coach and go exploring. Mobile, with a mobility unknown in these days of blinkered and restricted travel, he wandered free as air, happily conscious that in doing so he was also pursuing his profession.



He discovered Britain when the discovery was called for, making his research into the unknown land with a casual and leisurely thoroughness. Snowdon knew him and the Yorkshire moors, Dover and the sands of Dee, Irish horse-fairs and the fishing villages of the South Coast since entombed in overgrown seaside resorts. The taste for ruined abbeys, mediaeval castles and mouldering Gothic churches which grew with the Romantic Movement of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries gave him endless occupation. Continuing his search for the "picturesque" on the other side of the Channel, he discovered Gothic France and captured the more grandiose romantic mood among the mountains of Switzerland.

If the patrons who made his artistic vagabondage economically

possible demanded the portrait of a country seat or some other "set piece" of architecture he willingly provided it: but perhaps the subjects that pleased him most were those he came on by accident: some village at the end of a rutted and unpromising track as remote from the great world as a Kaffir kraal: some ancient inn where he stayed the night by chance, noting in his sketch-book the spit turning on the fire, the rustic boors emptying their pewter tankards: a

few trees on the bank of a quiet East Anglian stream, mysteriously endowed with the spirit of English history: a rainstorm: a rainbow.

To his free life the temperament of his medium was well suited. Other forms of art are limited in proportion to their greater richness and massiveness. The sculptor is bound by the nature of the solid material he carves or manipulates. The oil painter deals with the illusion of a solid. The water-colourist is left with all that is fluid, momentary, changing and in motion—a passing effect of atmosphere, the moods of sea and air, the varying expressions of a boisterous crowd. It is the condition of his art to be insubstantial. His swift outlines and transparent washes are brilliant in their powers of suggestion. Only when he abandons them and piles

colour upon colour in the attempt to equal the completeness and depth of oil paint does he become dull.

These remarks are suggested by the exhibition, *Masters of British Water-Colour*, now at Burlington House, which gives a splendid demonstration of the scope and spirit of this truly national art. It comes from a single private collection, but if, therefore, it has some gaps and inequalities, it makes up for them in the quality of its masterpieces. Here is Gainsborough, taking time off from the routine of portrait painting, to ramble delightedly and with beautiful results along the hedgerows; Girtin at his best in a wonderful study of a waterfall; Rowlandson (as tireless and observant a traveller as Arthur Young or Cobbett) depicting the humours of village and seaside; Turner, in the vein which links him with Byron and Scott.

And with what skill these artists (and the lesser men of their school) could animate an empty expanse with incidental human figures, natural, appropriate and at the same time pulling a composition together. Too often our modern landscapes are devoid of life, or rather of the human beings who can be depended on to enliven any pictured scene. The wisdom of the old water-colourist in this respect can be studied to some purpose.

WILLIAM GAUNT

§ §

## APOCALYPSE

WHEN the heavens fall, as they sometimes do by night,  
Do not run and awake the neighbours, or shriek with fright,  
Or reach out your hand to the bedside candle and strike a light.

Is it baboons in the darkness, or is it bears,  
Is it the dread Conductor come to demand his fares,  
Or the tread of the old stockbroker on the stairs?

Bell rang out from the steeple, bell that was never rung?  
Final spigot pulled out from the heavenly bung?  
Flood and fire, or a frantic shout from a phantom lung?

Stretch not down to the carpet to seek for slippers,  
Never take thought for grandma, nor rouse the nippers,

Nor brew the midnight coffee, nor tussle with toast and kippers.

Lie you back in the bed, and breathe very faint and slow,  
There will be peace and calm and darkness and silence so,  
The heavens have fallen, but no one will ever know.

To-morrow will dawn with the sun of yesterday,  
The postman come, and the milkman pass this way,  
And the men in the fish-shop say the things that they always say.

For none will know that this was the end of all,  
None will believe that you heard the heavens fall.  
Turn in the darkness, softly, and sleep with your face to the wall.

R. P. LISTER

## AT THE PLAY

*Love's Labour's Lost* (NEW)—*A Streetcar Named Desire* (ALDWYCH)

A PART from the imponderables of genius, Shakespeare must have been born with that sense of the dramatic moment which lesser men have had to develop by trial and error. *Love's Labour's Lost* was probably his first play, yet it contains one of those inspired strokes of theatre that seem to make the whole world stand still. This is the entry of the messenger at the height of the revels with the news of the French king's death. In a flash it changes the mood of brittle artificiality to one of touching sincerity. It is as if the hammer of doom had shattered a magic glass through which we have been looking. In Mr. HUGH HUNT's delightful production, which gives the Old Vic season a flying start, its effect is magnificent.

This delicious comedy, far too seldom seen, holds all the essence of youth, and Mr. HUNT has captured splendidly its lyrical romance, its needled wit, its robust humour and its spirited satire on the highbrow and the pedant. Speed is there, but at no sacrifice in feeling. *Berowne*, the key character, is given a lively intelligence by Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE that loses a little in poetry but none in supple strength. As *Rosaline* Miss DIANA CHURCHILL is a sparring partner of the same mettle. Mr. MICHAEL ALDRIDGE's *Navarre* makes a fitting host, Miss ANGELA BADDELEY's French Princess a gracious guest. And the comics, with whom the play abounds, are in notable hands: Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY's *Armado* could be more fantastical, but his Spaniard is a true eccentric; Mr. WALTER HUDD's prancing *Boyet* is richly observed, Mr. MARK DIGNAM's *Holofernes* and Mr. MILES MALLESON's *Nathaniel* are glorious caricatures; while Mr. GEORGE

BENSON's *Costard* gets to the very roots of earthy comedy. Add to these felicities charming pastoral décor by Mr. BERKELEY SUTCLIFFE and airy tunes by Mr. HERBERT MENGES, and here is a treat, not only for confirmed Shakespeare-goers.



Cut and Thrust

Sir Nathaniel—MR. MILES MALLESON; Armado—MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY;  
Costard—MR. GEORGE BENSON; Holofernes—MR. MARK DIGNAM

I thought "The Glass Menagerie," by Mr. TENNESSEE WILLIAMS came dangerously near whimsy, but I like it better than his *A Streetcar Named Desire*—why do I go on wanting to call it "Death of a Tramcar"?—which is pathological melodrama pretending to be

*A Streetcar Named Desire*

Fast and Loose

Stanley Kowalski—MR. BONAR COLLEANO  
Blanche Du Bois—MISS VIVIEN LEIGH

something much grander. With an uneasy blend of brutality and soulfulness it tells the same old story, of the girl with aspirations, sucked down by vice until it drives her crazy, that the Victorians told so often; where they, however, made an honest tale of it, avoiding affectation and showing a welcome reticence, Mr. WILLIAMS employs all manner of specious tricks to suggest that what is little more than exhibitionism is a serious work of art. His nymphomaniac, who keeps harking back genteelly to one of those pillared homes in the South, has been a failure on the streets and comes to sponge on her sister, now happily if somewhat violently married to

a passionate Pole. What follows is curiously unreal, when, her possible marriage even more violently wrecked, the girl goes completely off the rails and is removed. None of the orgies of self-pity moved me in the least, in spite of a brilliantly sustained (though not always audible) performance by Miss VIVIEN LEIGH, sound support from Miss RENÉE ASHERSON and Mr. BONAR COLLEANO, and a production by Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER that skilfully interprets the author's complex pattern of effects through one of Mr. JO MIELZINER's ingenious multiple sets. If this is a great play, as New York appears to think, then I am Ivan the Terrible.

ERIC KEOWN

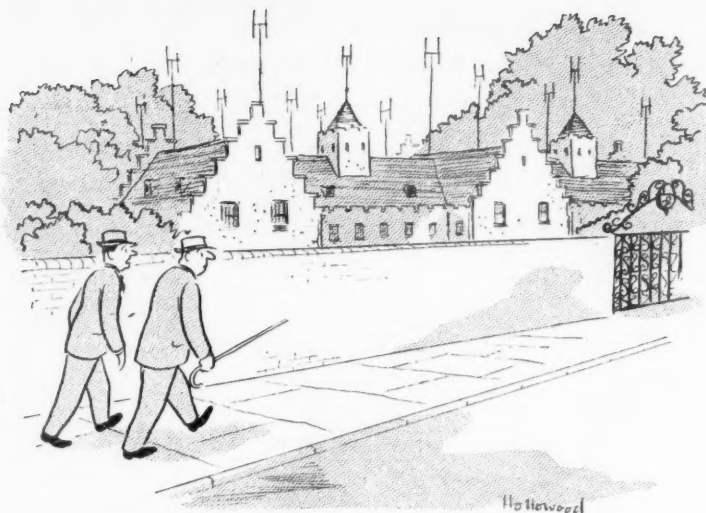
## Recommended

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

\*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(\* Suitable for young people)



*"Sad, isn't it, to see these fine old houses broken up into flats?"*

### THE MAN ON THE PIER

THE people on the end of the pier were running together excitedly. The man in the sea climbed up the steps. He strutted across to the people. They were looking the other way.

He attached himself to the outside of them and tried to see over their shoulders. But he was not a tall man, and was under the disadvantage that he was not wearing his shoes. There was a sailor standing in front of him. "What's all the fuss about?" the man asked him.

The sailor did not give him much attention. "That boy," he said. "He's caught a fish."

The man said "No!" Then a movement in the crowd gave him a slightly better view. He turned to the sailor. "What, that little boy?" he asked.

The sailor said, a shade impatiently, "Yes." Then he seemed, for the first time, to become aware of the man's appearance. "Where have you come from?" he asked him.

The man said modestly, "Out of the sea."

The sailor said "I can see that. What did you do, swim out from the shore?"

The man said "No, I swam from the other pier."

The sailor commented, "Pretty good." Then he stood up on tiptoe to get a better look at the boy.

"How far is it between the piers?" the girl who was with the sailor asked him.

"About a mile," the sailor said, still looking at the boy.

The girl looked round admiringly at the man. "A mile!" she said. "You must be awfully tired."

"Not very," he assured her.

"Can you swim farther than that?"

"I swam two miles once," he said proudly.

"You must be awfully strong," she said. "I wish I could swim as far as that. I can only swim a few strokes. My legs always seem to go to the bottom."

"I expect it's lack of confidence," he comforted her. "If you can swim one stroke there's no reason why you shouldn't swim a hundred."

"Do you really think I could become a good swimmer like you?"

The man inflated his chest and pulled his stomach in. "I could teach you if you like," he offered.

The woman, coming up behind him, said, "There he is, mother." Then she spoke to the man. "You look cold," she said.

He said "I'm not cold."

"Well, you look it. I suppose you'll say you're not shivering?" she continued.

The man admitted it by his silence. The woman went on to consolidate her victory. "I thought you'd never get here. Whatever have you been doing?" she asked.

The man explained, with elaborate patience, "You know what I've been doing. I've been swimming between the piers."

"Yes, I know that," agreed the woman. "But why did it take you such a long time?"

"It's a mile, you know."

"That's not much," said the woman. "The others came in ages ago."

"Were there others?" asked the girl.

The woman said "Yes. There was a race between the piers."

The girl seemed puzzled. "But we didn't see any others," she said.

"No," said the woman. "They all finished quite some time ago."

"Really?" asked the girl.

"Yes. The mayor was here to give away the prizes."

"We didn't see the mayor either."

"No. He's gone. They had a big reception committee."

"They're gone, too?"

"Yes. They're all gone."

The girl giggled, and nudged the sailor, and said "See this man here?" He was in the race between the piers.

The sailor seemed to want to get the facts clear. "This year's or last year's?" he inquired.

"This year's, silly."

"But that was at half-past two," he objected. "I didn't know he was in the race."

"He seems to have been the last one in. Apparently he's only just arrived."

The sailor moved up slightly into an opening which would bring him nearer to the boy. "He might as well go straight back and get a good start for next year's," he suggested. "He might come in among the first three then."

"Ignorant," the man muttered, and walked to the pier-master's office to get his clothes.



## BOOKING OFFICE

## A Great Reckoning in a Little Room

IN "Darkness at Noon" Mr. Arthur Koestler made the left-wing reaction from Russia conscious and articulate. Socialists admired his intellectual humanitarianism and were, rather shamefacedly, grateful to him for rationalizing treason to the Socialist fatherland; but they found the book negative, and apt to awaken regret for the irresponsibility of opposition. Conservatives appreciated the bitter brilliance of his description of the Moscow purges, without entirely recognizing the loyalty to the ideals of 1917 which inspired it. Liberals found a type of Liberalism older and harder than they were used to. Communists, naturally enough, did not enjoy it at all.

Mr. Koestler's next few books, while still magnificent in description, reflected an uncertainty of outlook. One felt they did not completely engage the writer. With "Thieves in the Night" his remarkable powers again found a subject which fitted them. He can argue in narrative better than any other living novelist, and the argument was shifted from Russia, the focus of his generation, to Palestine, the focus of his race. His conclusions were tentative but no longer confused. All the elements in the puzzle had their case presented and weighed in the course of one of the most successful modern novels.

In *Promise and Fulfilment* Mr. Koestler has written a study of Palestine from the Turkish defeat to 1949. He had watched the experiment from outside for many years and had paid frequent visits as a Special Correspondent. In the novel he exercised and examined his emotions; with that creative experience behind him, he now analyses and surveys. The book contains a description of the stages by which the ex-Turkish province became a new state, extracts from the diary of a visit during the war and a summing-up of strength and weakness, with some guesses at the future.

Israel is unique in many ways and, as Mr. Koestler points out, the study of this special case may illuminate politics in general. Previously, new states have usually originated in conquest or rebellion; Israel is an attempt to start from scratch. Yet, from another point of view, it is the oldest state in the world, a non-territorial state using the resources of technology to localize itself. According to the historical geographers its destiny depends on its site. But there are strong psychological, theological and historical influences in action, and it will be interesting to see whether they or climate and situation win.

Mr. Koestler has the expert Foreign Correspondent's sense of the contemporaneous and the Mid-European Jew's sense of timeless continuity. His early training in the opposed disciplines of engineering and psychology has given him an unusual and valuable vision (most men see in their own times patterns they first met in studying classical civilization or economic theory). He is interested in tractors and irrigation and collective farms, and also in the political results of persecution complexes and the thirst for an authority to submit

to. He has completed his emancipation from the materialist interpretation of history and, if anything, rather underrates the importance of such questions as the struggle between the Great Powers for oil.

In his account of the last days of the British Mandate he tries very hard to be fair, and his criticisms of the Stern Gang are the more effective for his grasp of their philosophy of violence. With the invasion of the Arab League his partisanship of Israel is more whole-hearted. David's defeat of Goliath has always been a cheering episode.

While moved and exalted by the energy and intelligence that have gone into the physical foundations of the new state, he fears the influence of the Polish rabbinical tradition that is supreme in its public life, which produces what he calls "cultural claustrophobia," shown in retaining the fossilized Hebrew language, in contempt for the non-technical achievements of Western civilization and in a smug provincialism.

The British record in dealing with Palestine, locally considered Machiavellian, Mr. Koestler considers a well-intentioned muddle caused by deep psychological divisions among the British people themselves; it is not a record of which either supporters or opponents of the Jews can be particularly proud. The Arab case is scarcely mentioned, though Mr. Koestler's few references to it are effective and moderate. Readers, interested in Palestine and afraid of being carried away by this magnificent book, will no doubt seek the other side of the picture. Many passions meet in this tiny area, and its history is unintelligible if any of them is ignored.

-R. G. G. PRICE





## THE LORDLY FISHMONGER

**A** THING I admire about my wife is the fact that she has many friends who have means and many who have titles. There are even a few who have both.

When Lady Umsham offers us the free use of her luxurious flat in an expensive quarter of the metropolis for a fortnight while she is away, I do not complain, though I wonder a little whether we shall harmonize with our environment.

She tells us before she departs that she has spoken to all her very special shopkeepers and that they have assured her that we shall receive that exclusive attention to which she herself has always been accustomed.

On the first morning my wife sends me to the very special fishmonger who has been recommended to us (perhaps I ought to say, to whom we have been recommended), to buy some whiting.

It is a very high-class fish-establishment, and I have a feeling that the lordly fishmonger normally receives orders for whole salmon and for barrels of oysters, rather than for a pound or two of whiting. His manners are perfect, however, and convey the impression that the order is one that he is flattered to execute.

"Whiting?" he repeats, as soon as I mention the word. "I will see what I can do."

He retires from sight.

I assume that he has gone to look the word up in the dictionary or, if he knows it, to find whether by any chance his firm has such a thing in stock. I am surprised, therefore, when he returns with an elegant parcel, wrapped in a high-class kind of paper, and not in the old newspaper which I had thought to be the only paper for the wrapping of fish.

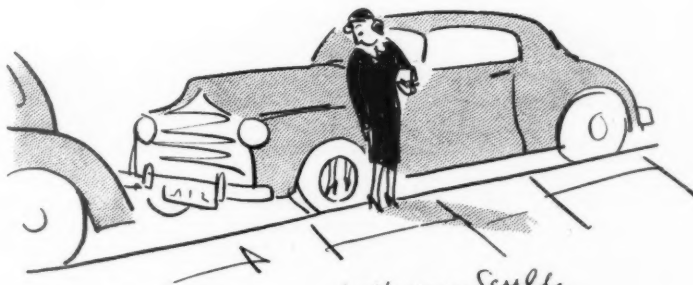
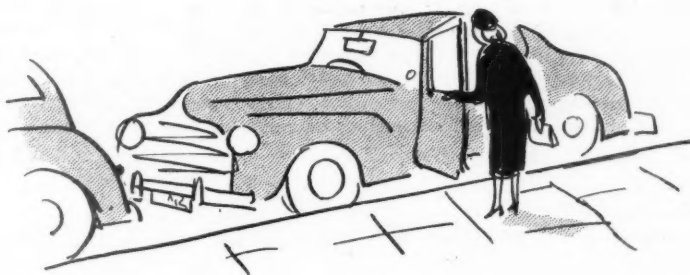
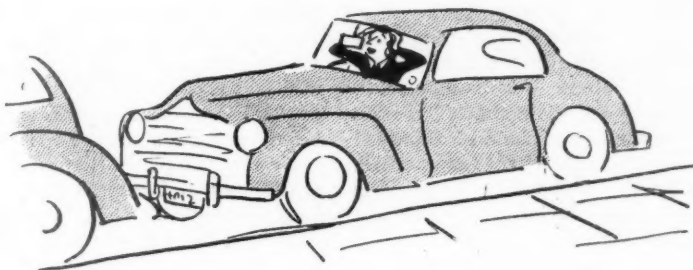
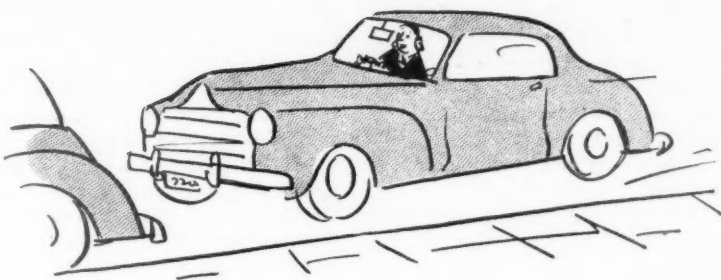
I am astounded.

"Are you," I ask, "a mind-reader? How did you know, without my mentioning it, exactly how much whiting we should require?"

He smiles.

"It was not difficult at all," he says modestly.

And, after a pause, he adds, "And how is her ladyship's cat?"



William Scully



## CONVERSATION IN THE PARK

"I FIND," said my friend, lazily throwing his rattle over the side of his pram, "that the older one grows, the more trying do one's parents seem to become. Would you say I looked older?"

"You've got more hair," I replied.

"I'm surprised I'm not losing it." He grinned cynically and blew a bubble.

"It's the old question of eating one's dinner," he went on. "You know the trouble we all have at meal-times. Well, my father lunched at home to-day."

I removed my thumb to say that I understood only too well.

"I admit I'd been careless earlier," said my friend. "There was a little matter of chalk I had pushed under the edge of the carpet which my father found when he stood on it, so I suppose it could be said that I had begun the day badly."

He threw his rattle over the side of the pram again, but there was no zest in the action.

"If your parents are like mine, and I've no doubt they are, you'll agree that they go to fantastic lengths to make one eat one's dinner. You know—the 'come-now-if-Mummy-makes-all-this-nice-pudding-into-a-castle' stuff."

I nodded. I played absently

with a curious-looking row of bells suspended in the silliest fashion across the hood of my pram.

"All right. In a nutshell, it was rice pudding again. I had eaten what I considered to be an ample lunch—the meat of a chop, a few peas and a small potato, and some crumbs which I had left in my tray from breakfast. I admit that during the morning I had chewed the toe of one of my shoes, a piece of string, and—I think—a small piece of coal, but though I hadn't actually swallowed any of these, they had formed a substantial kind of *hors d'œuvre*, if you see what I mean."

He stopped to throw his hat wildly at a passing dog.

"When the pudding was placed before me I knew another crisis was upon the family. I indicated as courteously as I could that I had lunched very well, thank you, and may I get down now, please? But did I? Ha, ha. My father, a hasty man where children's diet is concerned, at once flew into a rage. He leaned over and shouted in my ear something about children in China living on soup made entirely from carrots. My mother, quite a reasonable woman about eating when we are alone, asked him not to shout.

"I sat back, idly making a river of milk on the table-cloth, and

listened to the two of them arguing about good-food-thrown-away and what-goes-on-when-I'm-not-here (father) and peace-and-quiet-at-meal-times and he-can't-understand what-you're-saying (mother)."

The afternoon was dying. I wanted my tea. I banged hard on the side of my pram with the head of my golliwog to attract attention. Mothers and nannies were busying themselves lashing their children and charges to their prams; dogs were being tied to pram handles; and surrounding grass was being combed for clothing, dolls, and valuables generally; and noses were being blown.

"If it's rice pudding to-morrow," concluded my friend, throwing a shoe at a little girl on a scooter, "I shall sit on it. That should bring matters to a head."

And I agreed that it should.

§ §

"Those repulsive little creatures, the familiar but mis-named earwigs, seem to be making a concerted attack on Walls-end just now.

A local butcher opening a paper bag of silver even found one in his soap dish."

"*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*"

And the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors, will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30s. Overseas 36s 6 (U.S.A. \$5.25); Canada 34s. or \$5.50.



Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady

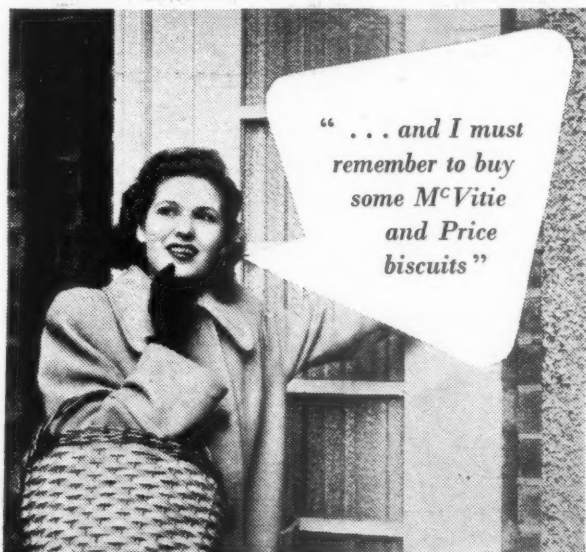
Just for a second, Betty managed to keep these two mischievous pets of hers quiet enough for a portrait! Usually, all three of them are romping about the garden causing some risk to Daddy's plants! Betty loves to groom her pets, and in turn Mummy, too, sees to it that Betty receives her proper grooming! Pears Soap and clear water—that is her beauty treatment, which is surely Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

## PEARS SOAP

Now obtainable—PEARS TALCUM POWDER—wonderfully refreshing and keeps skin cool and comfortable. Discreetly perfumed and delicately tinted 1/gd. (inc. tax).

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

TF 272A/1059



"... and I must  
remember to buy  
some McVitie  
and Price  
biscuits"

## McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

I didn't buy them for  
comfort, Mr. Barratt!



I used to keep two sorts of shoes in my wardrobe, Mr. Barratt—the sort I could walk in, and the sort I'd look pretty in. Yet here I am with my feet as smart as a film star's, and I've done two miles without a twinge. I bought these delicious little shoes for their appearance. But I see that, with Barratts, comfort is included!

## Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country

### Whatever the weather—

says OLD HETHERS

... there's nothing to touch Robinson's. Dull days, rainy days, sunny days or cold days, a glass of Robinson's Barley Water never comes amiss. Some of our members always stick to the Lemon, others clamour for the Orange. But bless your heart, what does it matter, I say, so long as you know it's Robinson's.

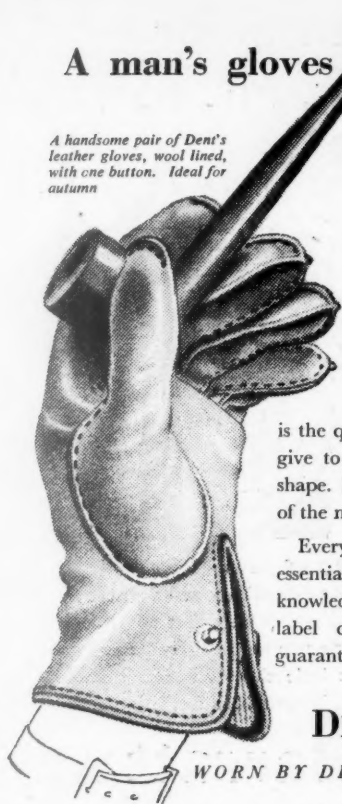


Robinson's Lemon BARLEY  
or Orange WATER

CVS-195

## A man's gloves must have

*A handsome pair of Dent's leather gloves, wool lined, with one button. Ideal for autumn*



*"hidden fit"*

THERE'S one thing discriminating men always look for when choosing gloves—"hidden fit." This is the quality that enables a glove to give to the hand, yet never lose its shape. It is achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather.

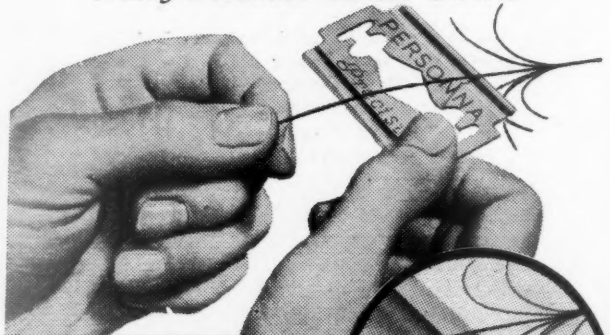
Every pair of Dent's gloves has this essential "hidden fit." That is why knowledgeable men look for the Dent's label on the inside—it is their guarantee of style and superb quality.

### DENT'S GLOVES

WORN BY DISCRIMINATING MEN

## REMARKABLE HAIR-SPLITTING TEST

*Why Personna Shaves Closest*



This human hair is actually being split down the middle—into seven separate strands!

This astonishing feat is a special factory test, carried out daily with Personna Precision Razor Blades. The test is designed to ensure you the smoothest shaves you've ever had... because, to pass it, Personna's cutting edges must be able to shave down to within 1/4000th of an inch!

Personna Precision Blades are hollow ground, leather-stropped, and rust-resistant. No wonder they shave closer and give up to twice as many shaves as ordinary blades. Buy Personna today!

*This picture shows a human hair split down the middle into seven separate strands—a special test carried out daily in the Personna Razor Blade factory!*

**PERSONNA**  
*Precision Blades*

In packets of  
5 for 1/3 (incl. tax)  
and  
10 for 2/6 (incl. tax)

## Double-breasted dinner jacket



This finely tailored, meticulously finished double-breasted dinner suit is Ready for Service in a wide variety of fittings. It is made of a finely woven Baratheia material and costs **£22.15.6.**

*is just a part of the*  
**AUSTIN REED**  
*service*

Regent Street, London and Principal Cities • London Telephone: Regent 6789

## Combines its own face lotion \*



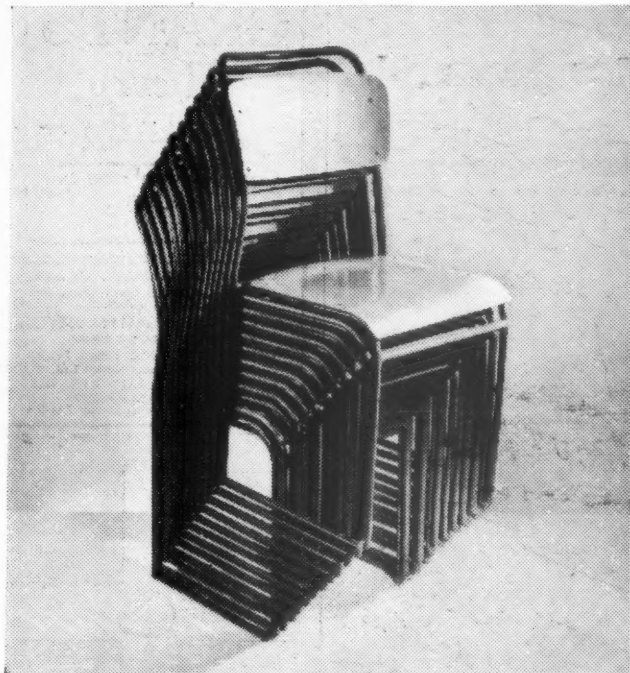
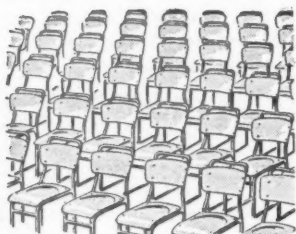
*★ and so shave all of us!*

Why is an Ingramshave different? The rich billowy lather contains an after-shave lotion with a before-shave action. Your skin is protected against razor scrape. Ingram's is the cream you've been hoping for. Cool and smooth. In tubes everywhere.





## Standing room only and seats for all



When a crowd of people want space to move about in, Pel Nesting Chairs stack inconspicuously in a small corner. When the people want to sit — at eating times or meeting times — Pel chairs quickly provide comfortable seats for all.

The chair illustrated (R.P.19) fitted with a shaped plywood seat and back, is specially designed for industrial use. The strong tubular steel frames, rust proofed and stove enamelled, will stand a lifetime's hard wear. There are many other models for many varied needs.

*May we send particulars?*

# PEL CHAIRS NEST



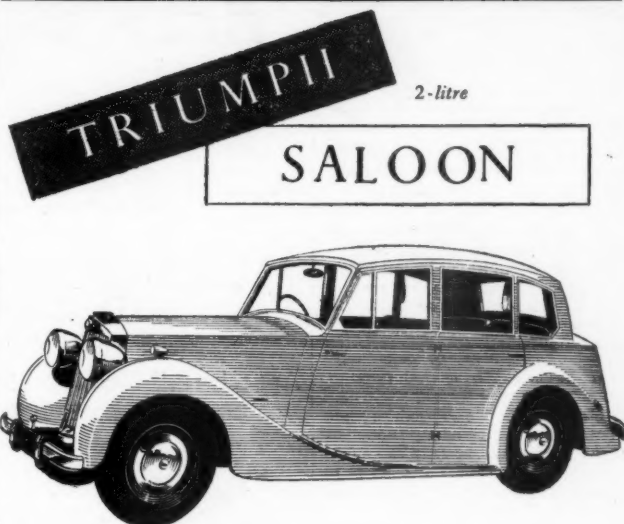
MADE BY PEL LTD. • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM

London Showrooms: 15, Henrietta Place, London, W.1



COMPANY

TRW/104



THE 2-litre Triumph Saloon is a car of handsome appearance and outstanding quality which has been cleverly designed to fill a dual purpose. On the open road it smoothly joins the fast touring class, yet it is ideal as a town car, pleasing to the eye and a positive delight to drive.

THE TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY (1949) LTD., Coventry. A subsidiary of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.  
London: 37 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1 Tel: MAY 5011

TRIUMPH CARS • STANDARD CARS • STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • PIERCE-ARROW TRACTORS

## Something just a little better—



# Silvifix

## controls the hair without gumming

*A Silvikrin product*

concentrated for economy —  
a touch is all you need to groom  
your hair for the day.



## LANGUAGE PROBLEM SOLVED

by the Pelman Method

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved.

The Pelman method enables you to learn French, German, Italian and Spanish without any of the usual drudgery.

By the Pelman method you learn French in French, German in German, Spanish in Spanish, and Italian in Italian. English is not used at all. Yet the method is so simple that even a child can follow it.

*Specially reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces*

Grammatical complexities are eliminated. You pick up the grammar almost unconsciously as you go along. There are no classes to attend. The whole of the instruction is given through the post.

### Write for Free Book To-day

The Pelman method of learning languages, which has now been used for over 25 years with such success, is explained in four little books, one for each language:

**FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN**  
(Also Courses in Afrikaans and Urdu)

You can have a copy of any one of these books, together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free, by writing for it to-day to:

**PELMAN LANGUAGES INSTITUTE**  
24, Norfolk Mansions,  
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

## COFFEE

Fresh and fragrant, blended by experts for discriminating palates. Supplied to thousands of households throughout the country. Three shillings per lb., post-free (smallest quantity 1½ lbs.), freshly roast and ground or roasted only.

TURNER & PRICE Ltd., Coffee Specialists,  
Horsham, Sussex. (Est. 1931)



**SAUCE ROBERT  
SAUCE DIABLE  
SAUCE MELBA**

also various other  
Sauces, Chutney and  
Fish and Meat  
Pastes

*Escoffier*



## HELP US TO HELP

THOSE WHO CANNOT HELP THEMSELVES BY SENDING A DONATION which will enable us to bring comfort to the many OLD and INVALID people who look to us to help them.

Two sisters, bread-winners for Invalid Mother aged 87, one of whom is now at her home suffering from advanced malignant disease. The other sister has consequently been obliged to give up her post. Please help us to care for them. (Case 386.)

*This is but one of very many pathetic cases.*

## DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

Patroness: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Appeal "P," Iddesleigh House, Caxton Street, S.W.1



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S.C.4C.

**ACHILLE SERRE**



**Still the SAME 1941 PRICES!**

Normal Coats,  
Costumes,  
Day Frocks,  
Men's Suits

Quality Cleaning  
plus Retex (Optional)

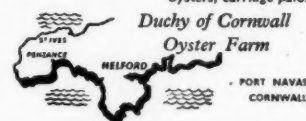
**STILL 4/6 2/-**

\* RETEX is exclusive to Achille Serre

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

## HELFORD OYSTERS

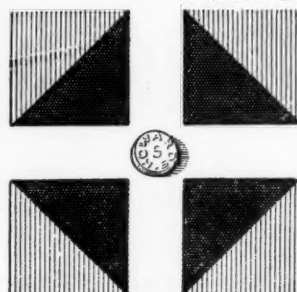
From Helford River, clearest and cleanest of West Country waters, come oysters famed for their succulence and flavour. Hand-picked for condition, and cleansed under laboratory control as a double check on purity, packed to survive the longest journey - Helford Oysters can reach you through the post! Send 15/- for 25 (medium size) Helford Oysters, carriage paid.



*Welcome Always -  
Keep it Handy*  
**GRANT'S**  
MORELLA  
**Cherry Brandy**

Over a 100 years' reputation for quality.

**TO THOSE ENTITLED UNDER**  
Wills, Marriage Settlements,  
Annuities and Legacies  
**ADVANCES ARRANGED**  
from 4 per cent. per annum.  
**GLAZIER & SONS (Estd. 1760)**  
Proprietors: Glazier & Sons Ltd.  
48 MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1  
Telephones: MAYFAIR 4145-3159  
Telegrams: Landehouse, Audley, London



## THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity. Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

## HOWARDS ASPIRIN

It is not the cheapest - it is the best.



Made by **HOWARDS**  
OF ILFORD  
Established 1797

# STAR OVERNIGHT! AND THEN FAILURE...



## Why do people wake up tired?

IT'S NOT ONLY BALLERINAS who get overtired these days! Thousands of people complain of waking up tired, even after 7 or 8 hours' sleep. No wonder they find things too much for them.

Some blame the food and the dullness of our meals, but food isn't the only answer. Our energy is controlled by sleep, as well as by food. If you wake up tired, it proves you are not getting the right kind of sleep. Only deep sleep has the power to restore lost energy.

The way to get this deep sleep is to treat yourself to a hot cup of Horlicks every night. Horlicks soothes strained nerves, helps the weary body to relax in deep sleep. In the morning you wake gloriously refreshed. Start taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime!

**HORLICKS**



## The cooker every woman wants



AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL GAS SHOWROOMS



JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD. HALIFAX



## Good Wine and how to choose it

A wine is not necessarily good because you can't pronounce its name or afford its price. The only judge of a wine that you can trust is your own palate. More and more people today—connoisseurs as well as ordinary men—are enjoying the fine flavour of Emu Australian Wines, the wines whose excellence you can always rely on and whose prices most can afford. Ask your wine merchant about them.

**FREE**



By Appointment  
Australian Wine  
Merchants to His  
Majesty The King

Have you had your copy of the newly printed and enlarged Emu booklet—a beautifully illustrated guide to the "know-how" of wine serving? Send a postcard today: Dept. U.7, The Emu Wine Company Ltd., London, E.3.



## EMU AUSTRALIAN WINES

333 RICH RUBY • 444 RICH WHITE • 999 RICH TAWNY • EMU VINTAGE TAWNY  
EMU BURGUNDY • SIR JOHN'S SHERRY SACK • CELLARER'S SPECIAL BROWN SHERRY  
DRYAD SHERRY (VERY DRY) • ST. GEORGE VERMOUTH (SWEET OR DRY) • EMU SAUTERNES  
EMU \*\*\* BRANDY • WINSLOE LIQUEUR WINE



**ZIEGLER  
AND  
BOOTH  
IN NEW DUET**

## Why important people are Ronson people

This famous husband-and-wife singing team agree about lighters—each has a Ronson. "Looks like a dream," says she. "Works like a dream," says he. "A Ronson lights up first time every time." People in the limelight must have only the best—naturally most choose a Ronson.

**RONSON**

WORLD'S  
GREATEST LIGHTER



Precision-built with simple one-finger, one-motion, safety action, this Ronson Standard Butler sells for 38/6 There are many other Ronson models in various styles and finishes. Don't accept imitations—look for the name Ronson.



Fill your pipe with John Cotton, light up, and observe how evenly it burns. Here is a really fine, fragrant tobacco—unvarying, unaided by artificial flavouring. For those who find no solace in an ancient briar, there are those equally satisfying cigarettes... John Cotton No. 1.

★ John Cotton Tobacco

Nos. 1 & 2 - 4/9 an oz.

No. 4 - 4/5 an oz.

Empire - 4/11 an oz.

★ No. 1 Cigarettes

3/10 for 20

## JOHN COTTON

A Trusted  
Tobacco

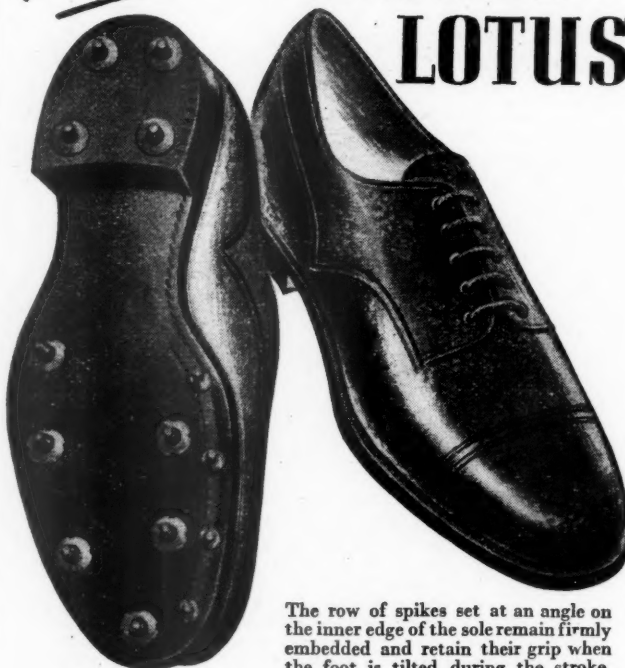


A Perfect  
Cigarette

*John Cotton*

always  
wears and recommends -

**LOTUS**



The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted during the stroke.

*Anglespike Shoes for Golf*

# JAEGER

## Overcoats



They are not only worth while because of the Jaeger fabric, they have West-End style and give real length of service.

Price from £18.5.0.

Also Jaeger 'everyday' socks, ribbed, and in twelve attractive shades, from 5/-.



Ask to see them at the nearest shop selling

## JAEGER

### ★FOR AIR-MINDED CHAIRMEN AND DIRECTORS

## A visit to your South American markets is worth a dozen reports

STATISTICS AND REPORTS from your staff or agents in South America can never give you the full picture. The new international trade agreements make it more important than ever that you should study the market situation on the spot; and, in order to do this with the least possible expenditure of time, you need to fly there.

British Overseas Airways operate the most frequent — and therefore the most time-saving — air-service to principal cities in South America. British Overseas Airways aircrews — which include a steward and a stewardess — are among the most highly trained and experienced in the world.

### FAST SERVICES

From London to	
Rio de Janeiro	4 flights weekly
São Paulo	2 " "
Montevideo	3 " "
Buenos Aires	3 " "

Subject to alteration

Fast services also to Natal, the West Indies, Cuba, Parama, Lima, and Santiago.

### It's often cheaper to ship by air

Lower insurance, packing and warehousing costs—and also, in shipping to countries that assess Customs Duties by gross weight, the lighter packaging—means that air freight to South America is often actually cheaper than sea freight.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

## FLY "B.O.A.C"

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



## Navigator

### -V.I.P

In the aircraft of the future, flying not far short of sonic speeds, no one will have a more exacting job nor contribute more directly to success than the R.A.F. Navigator—so vital will be his knowledge of air navigation. It is to men of his intellectual and moral calibre that the Air Force looks for its future leaders. Navigators (and pilots) considered suitable are guaranteed commissions before they start their flying and officer training, subject to the satisfactory completion of the course. Signallers, engineers and gunners, will have, later on, the opportunity of commissions in a ground branch.

There are also special opportunities for certain qualified Pilots, Navigators and Signallers who are above the normal age limits for direct entrants.

Learn to fly in the

## ROYAL AIR FORCE

and be trained to lead!

TO: AIR MINISTRY, DEPT. PU27Y, VICTORY HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

\* Send details of (1) direct entry to Flying Branch (2) special schemes for ex-pilots and navigators (give previous rank) (3) special schemes for ex-signallers.

NAME

ADDRESS

\* delete two of these.



When visiting London  
Stay in Comfort and Quietude at

## St. James' Court

BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1. Telephone VIC. 2360

Conveniently situated near Buckingham Palace and within easy distance of Whitehall and Victoria Station.

Self-contained Service Suites of 2-5 rooms with Sitting room, from 16 guineas per week Single, 25½ guineas Double, or by the day. Hotel bedrooms from 18/6. All charges include Breakfast, also Butler-Valet, Maid, and full Hotel Service.

Special Facilities for Children.

FULLY LICENSED RESTAURANT OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS

REFRESHING, STIMULATING, SATISFYING!

## Prunier

B and S COGNAC BRANDY

With plain, soda water or minerals it makes the most heavenly long drink imaginable. Prunier B and S neat is just as delightful, and is an ideal tonic and pick-me-up. Treat yourself to Prunier B and S today. Sold by all good wine merchants, stores and bars.

JAS. PRUNIER & CO. COGNAC



The Sign of  
FINE TAILORING



## HARRY HALL

THE GREATEST NAME IN  
RIDING WEAR

A reputation for fine Riding Wear can only be built upon years of practical experience in this specialized art of tailoring. Such has been the tradition of HARRY HALL for over sixty years—a tradition of style, cut and faultless workmanship. These qualities are reflected no less in our Town and Country Suits and Coats. To be dressed by HARRY HALL is to be dressed correctly, as more and more men and women of taste and discrimination know to their satisfaction.

Our prices and terms are in line with present day economic trends and we invite you to call to see our new season's range of fine materials—or to write for our Catalogue 'P'.

## HARRY HALL LTD.

235-237, Regent Street, W.1.

(Oxford Street End)

Telephone: REGent 6601

Agents everywhere 9HH/11

## David Cope's Gallery OF FAMOUS RACEHORSES



ROCK SAND (1900) brown colt by Sainfoin—Roquebrune

Bred and owned by Sir James Miller and trained by George Blackwell, Rock Sand was a Triple Crown winner in 1903, and out of the total of twenty races for which he was entered, he won all but four. Sceptre finished in front of him three times, but Rock Sand took his revenge on her in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot in 1904, and won every one of his last five races of the year. His total winnings in prize money amounted to £45,618.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope Ltd. have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you details of Cope's Confidential Credit Service?

You can  
depend  
on  
**COPE'S**

**DAVID COPE** Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

# 34/-

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND has declared, for the 5 years, 1944-48, a reversionary bonus of 34/- per cent. per annum compound.

The interim bonus for current claims will, for the present, be 32/- per cent. compound.

Following the war-time declaration at the high rate of 30/-, the new bonus is a worthy addition to the Society's Unique Record of bonuses. Ask, without obligation, for an example of a policy for yourself.



Write to your Agent  
or to the Secretary

## SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:

9 St. Andrew Square  
Edinburgh, 2

London Offices:

28 Cornhill, E.C.3.  
17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

THE FINEST PIPE THAT MONEY CAN BUY

## Foursome

Skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root—truly a pipe for the connoisseur. Available at high-class tobacconists. For address of nearest stockist write to—The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Blenheim Factory, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



# Red Hackle

Scotland's  
Best Whisky



BY APPOINTMENT  
SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE WHISKY  
TO H.M. THE KING

PROPRIETORS

Heppern & Ross

GLASGOW





Add your own  
(((SOUND)))

You can now convert your sub-standard projector from SILENT TO SOUND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES with the Cine-Soundmaster.

Speech or commentary, the voices of your family, a musical background, may all be added, synchronised, of course, with the film.

By means of a special erasure fitment, sound may be erased and re-recorded immediately, or all sound erased and the recording tape used over and over again.

- The voices of your family recorded and synchronised into your film.
- Your own commentary included in any film.
- Musical background added.
- All for the same film simultaneously or separately.



**HEAR**

*her first violin solo*

**SCOPHONY-BAIRD**

**CINE-SOUNDMASTER**

Send for further details to SCOPHONY-BAIRD LTD., LANCELOT ROAD, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX. Telephone: WEMbley 6191

Take  
a look  
at  
the new  
**BIRO**



Doesn't it look grand, this new Biro with the streamlined case and graceful styling. The new Biro is sold in these attractive colours: black, dove grey, and maroon, with decorative metal bands. A special

type of "non-slip" clip holds the pen securely in the pocket without hampering easy withdrawal. Of course, the new Biro carries the famous "Magnum" refill—the refill that gives you an easy visual check on ink consumption, and which can be replaced in a matter of seconds.

Magnum refills are available with blue, red or 31B Record ink, as desired. Ask any Biro dealer to demonstrate this very attractive and efficient new Biro.

PRICE 25/8

**Biro** a pen for  
your thoughts

Manufactured by The Miles-Martin Pen Co. Ltd.

3001



**Now! Daily! DOUBLE  
DECKED Clippers  
to New York!**

● Now you can fly between London and New York in the world's largest, most luxurious airliners — the new double-decked Clippers! It is the fastest service, and offers you a spacious club lounge, more comfortable seats, oversize berths (only a nominal additional charge), a steadier ride high above the weather. For reservations, call your Travel Agent, or Pan American, 193-4, Piccadilly, W.1 (REG 7292). Clipper Cargo (WHI 3311).

Also, Sundays only!  
Fly THE PRESIDENT special de luxe service

**PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS**



*like father - like son*



*like* **Mentor** *shirts*  
Sanforized

Obtainable from most of the leading outfitters and stores

W. M. Miller & Co. Ltd., Established 1877

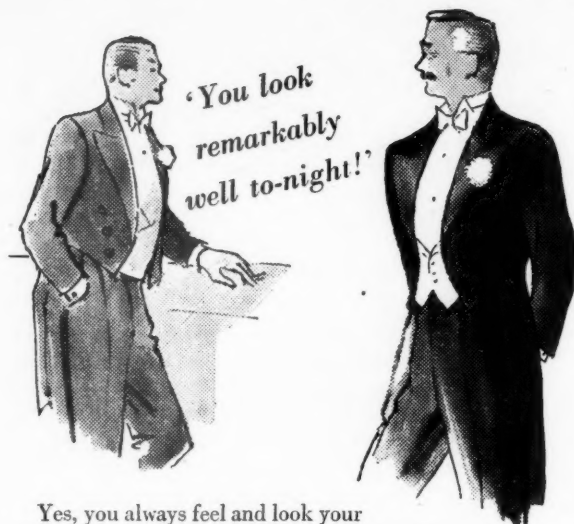


**"Do you know this firm Fred?"**

"No! and I'm not very impressed. Look at the typing. As a matter of fact, that's one of the very reasons why the gov'nor standardised on Imperial typewriters. He wanted to make sure that all our letters created good first impressions".

**Imperial Typewriters**  
*are worth waiting for*

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED, LEICESTER, ENG.



*'You look remarkably well to-night!'*

Yes, you always feel and look your best when you're wearing a Linia Belt. Evening dress draws attention to the figure, and this inconspicuous belt gives you support and adds to your dignity and good poise. Why not learn more about this helpful garment? There are Linia Shorts, too. Free booklet on the Linia Method from Dept.B28 at the address below.

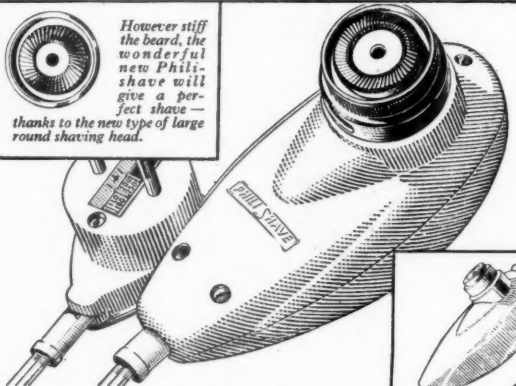
## LINIA BELTS

Sold only by J. ROUSSEL Ltd.

177 Regent St., London W1 Phone Reg 7570 3 Old Jewry, London EC2 Phone Met 0609  
and at Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow

## Entirely NEW

However stiff the beard, the wonderful new Philishave will give a perfect shave—thanks to the new type of large round shaving head.



Here is an entirely new kind of electric dry shaver—the Philishave—with a large round shaving head. Gives a smoother, easier shave, however stiff the beard. Very quick, easy to use and operates on A.C. or D.C. mains on any voltage. Specially designed to fit your hand so that you can hold it at any angle. Slips easily into your pocket (you can take it wherever you go). Available at Electrical and Radio Dealers. Ask for a demonstration.

Specially designed to fit your hand—thus you can hold the Philishave at any angle and get round even the trickiest corners.



**The wonderful new**  
PHILIPS

**PHILISHAVE**

ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

For full details of the Philishave please write:

"PHILISHAVE", CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2 (PS529B)

PRICE  
£4.15.0  
(plus P.T.  
£1.0.7)



**T**here are more than 2,000 different and distinctive beers brewed

every week by over 500 brewers in this country.

There *is* a wide choice.

*beer is best*



WEAR

*"Waukeezi"*



MEN'S "BANTAM" SHOE superbly designed with cemented sole for lightness and flexibility. In Black or Brown, Patent or Glacé Kid—very smart for 'special' wear.

*If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agents.*



...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON  
(Associate of the Norvic Shoe Co., Ltd.)



... perhaps  
the finest  
made



Driway weathercoats and Sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country.



## City Prudential BUILDING SOCIETY

INVEST WITH SAFETY  
AND LET YOUR MONEY  
EARN A RETURN OF

# 2½%

THE INCOME TAX BEING  
PAID BY THE SOCIETY

- The Society has 40 years' unbroken profit-earning and dividend-paying record.
- Interest accrues from day of investment.
- No entrance fees or other charges on investment or withdrawal.

*For full details of investment facilities apply to the Secretary*

CITY PRUDENTIAL BUILDING SOCIETY  
17 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1  
Telephone: City 8323/6



### SHERRY FACTS

"Mostly a  
matter  
of nose"

Wines made from the same Vineyards in Spain acquire different characteristics—the result of fermentation. The art of blending these wines which become Sherry is "mostly a matter of nose" but so that these particular characteristics can be repeated by the accuracy, skill and art of the expert, specimen samples of all Fernandez Sherrys are kept for years in the Bodegas at Jerez.

That is one reason why Fernandez Sherrys are consistently of the finest quality.

## Fernandez

SHERRY  
Produce of Spain

*Sole Importers: Twiss & Brownings & Hallows Ltd., 1 Vineyard Place, E.C.4.*

# BOLLINGER

PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT  
TO  
THE LATE  
KING GEORGE V

# CHAMPAGNE

VINTAGE AND SPECIAL CUVÉE

## TOOTAL TIES have everything

For formality at the office, or colour at week-ends, there's every style in the enormous Tootal range—plain shades, dots, stripes, paisleys, checks. And how they wear! Every tie is marked "TEBILIZED" for tested crease-resistance; and the colours stay bright through repeated washings. Why not see for yourself?



# TOOTAL TIES

2/9 Popular

Standard 3/6 & Sports

5/- Special

*All prices include Purchase Tax. 'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks*

## "King George IV"

Whisky  
Old "Scotch"

Max. Retail Prices as fixed  
by the Scotch Whisky Assn.  
33/4 per bot. and  
17/5 per half-bot.

THE  
DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD.  
EDINBURGH



THE DIGNITY OF QUALITY UNSURPASSED

*Write  
through life  
with a*

## MENTMORE

*The Gables*

*Auntie  
Thank you  
very much  
very proud of it  
be nice to  
a stay on  
Mummy  
love & hope  
I will  
love from  
Lucy x x*

BROWN  
STEL GRA  
DRENCE  
TALY

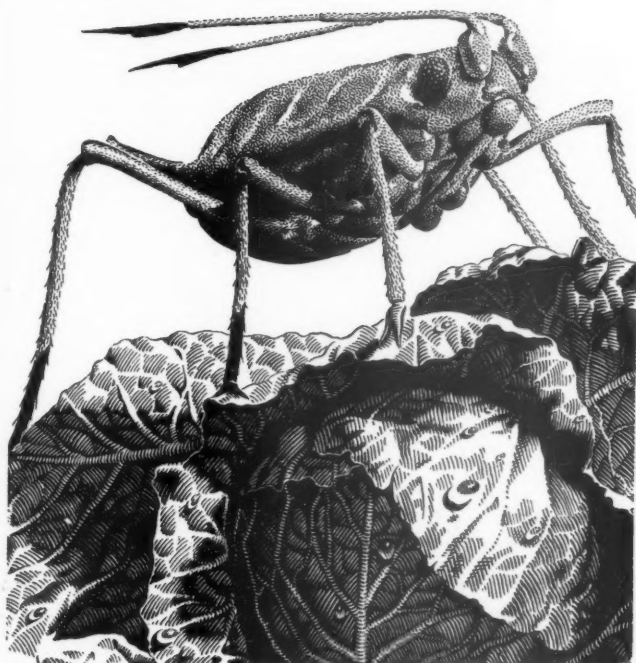
*Sister in charge  
patient is to be  
segments for her re-  
ure faithfully,  
L. Brown  
Matron.*

## MENTMORE 'Diploma' 15'3"

HERE'S pen luxury within your means: solid 14-carat Gold Nib, Iridium pointed . . . Patent Bridge feed for perfect ink control . . . Gold-filled fittings . . . Built-in clip . . . Unbreakable body . . . five colours or jet black.

*Obtainable from Stationers,  
Jewellers and Stores.*

## THE APHID MENACE



## TO FOOD

The grower whose crops are threatened by green fly need fear that menace no more. The new Phosphate Insecticides — HETP and TEPP — will destroy all species of Aphids, Red Spider, and many other insect pests. HETP and TEPP are safe on fruit and vegetables and remain efficient at low temperatures.

## HETP & TEPP phosphate insecticides



ALBRIGHT & WILSON  
Chemicals



49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W 1

TWWS

## From Our Own Correspondent

Never were the tides and currents in the world's affairs so overmastering or so complex. Never was it more necessary than in these unstable and distracted times to be accurately and impartially informed from day to day on the trend of foreign and Commonwealth affairs the world over.

From its earliest history the reputation of *The Times* was in large measure founded upon the exceptional foreign intelligence transmitted by its own correspondents. The tradition fostered by Crabb Robinson during the Napoleonic wars, by W. H. Russell in the Crimea, by Blowitz in Paris, by Donald Mackenzie Wallace in St. Petersburg is still served by a corps of some 100 active correspondents in almost all the vital world centres. The information thus provided represents a responsible Imperial and Foreign News service of the widest scope and of unrivalled value.

THE  TIMES

*Obtainable from your newsagent or bookstall*



## For warmer welcomes

How grateful the warmth an Aladdin oil radiator can bring to a cold hall or a chilly bedroom. And today, how simple! A new waterless principle of heat dissemination, used only by Aladdin, cuts out leaks, freeze-ups and refilling.

Air used instead of liquid makes the radiator light and easy to carry, and permits a delightfully neat modern design.

Ask your ironmonger to show it to you. Price £9-19-6.

Write for free illustrated catalogue.

● Aladdin Industries Ltd., 88 Aladdin Building, Greenford, Middlesex.

## No ordinary Bird



... any departure from normal, in either nature or industry, causes controversy, until expert opinion is called upon. In our 50 years' experience we have discovered the best way to produce springs and pressings for any particular task.

**THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD**  
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD • SHEFFIELD 4

*For Springs & Pressings.*

## SMITHS

**WINTER - PROOF SERVICE**

A great contribution to your winter motoring comfort and reliability  
**NOW AVAILABLE AT GARAGES AND SERVICE STATIONS**

SMITHS, makers of the precision instruments in 9 out of 10 British cars, introduce their newest service to motoring—the "WINTER-PROOF" Service that equips your car for the cold days and frosty nights ahead.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE BENEFITS YOU GET FROM THE SERVICE:



### Proof against COLD

with a Smiths Car Heater to give you warm, circulated air that maintains your car interior at comfortable room temperature and prevents windscreens from misting over.



### Proof against FREEZE-UPS

with Smiths BLUECOL, the safe anti-freeze in your radiator. In correct quantities, fully protects your entire cooling system against 35 degrees of frost.



### Proof against ELECTRICAL FAILURE

with a SMITHS Guaranteed BATTERY to cope with the heavy electrical equipment of the modern car and still have power in hand for cold morning starts.

### Proof against STARTING TROUBLE

with a new set of Smiths K.L.G. Plugs to ensure sparking plugs matched to your engine for easy starting, pink-free acceleration and steady, economical cruising.



THIS IS THE SIGN OF SMITHS' WINTER-PROOF SERVICE

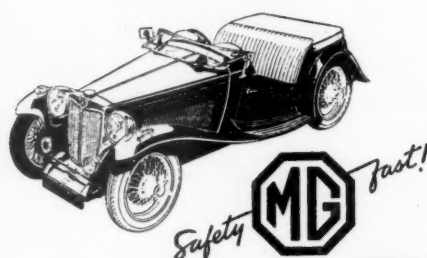


See your garage-man today — Have your car "Winter-proofed" by SMITHS

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES, LTD., CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2.  
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND), LTD.

## When an MG moves slowly...

Most people who have MG cars didn't buy them because they hankered after really slow movement from place to place! And yet nearly all MG owners would be surprised if they knew how the car that they prize for its "safety fast" performance positively *crawls* along in the early stages of its career. It's natural enough, though; an MG just isn't the sort of thing you can build in a hurry. Painstakingly slow, sure work is the rule all the way from drawing-board to delivery bay — and it's a rule that isn't allowed an exception. After all, "Safety" comes before "fast" in our watchword; and we keep this aim well in view while we are working to maintain the MG breed.



THE MG CAR CO. LTD., SALES DIV'N, COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, W.1

41

## Their Cork-Tips make smoking -Cleaner!

# Craven 'A'

made with  
rich, fine  
tobacco



**WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT**





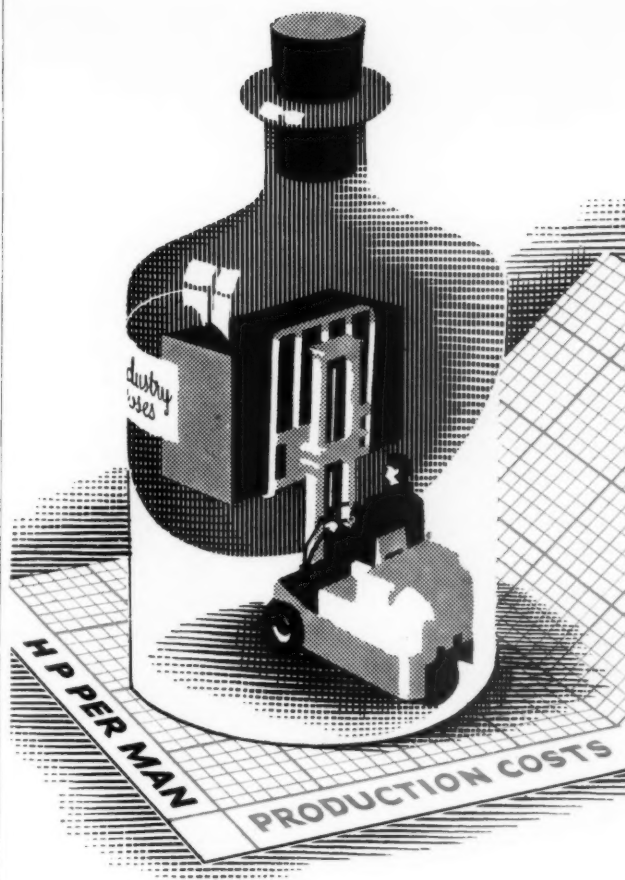
# Lindt

THE  
CHOCOLATE  
OF THE  
CONNOISSEUR



★  
The Henley "Incentive Scheme" is producing better tyres than ever before. Send for the booklet "Incentive in Action" which tells how quality is built into Henley tyres.

HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER CO., LTD., DEPT. ADVT.1.2  
MILTON COURT, DORKING, SURREY. Works: GRAVESEND, KENT



## PRESCRIPTION for PROSPERITY

Every working party sent overseas to compare manufacturing methods brings back the same inescapable answer. Greater and cheaper production per man by Britain's rivals is due to their wider use of Mechanical Handling. They give manpower horsepower.

Handling adds nothing whatsoever to the value of goods, but only to their cost. The prescription for prosperity is Mechanical Handling.

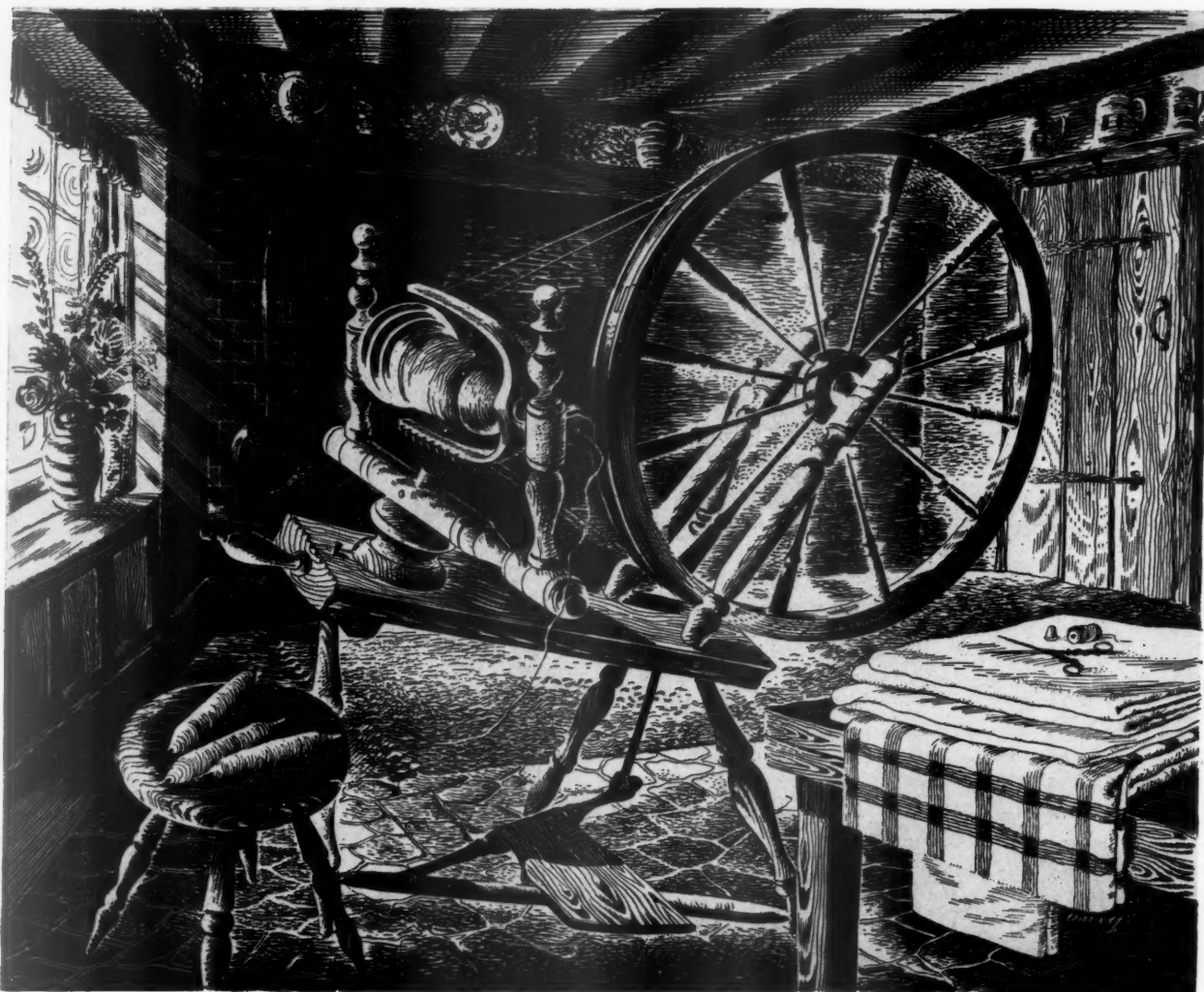
Here, now, and made in Britain, is a machine which handles, carries, lifts, stacks and loads almost anything, 2,000 to 6,000 lb. at a time. It is a machine for cutting non-productive time. We may use it, or we may delay using it. But we cannot evade the issue. Only by eliminating non-productive time—and its crippling cost—can Britain compete, or even survive.



## COVENTRY CLIMAX Fork Trucks

For detailed information about the Coventry Climax Models best suited for your needs write to Dept. 13

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, WIDDINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY



**Spinning Wheel** *When, after the Second Lesson, the vicar publishes the Banns of Miss So and So, "Spinster, of this Parish", he is carrying on a tradition running back to our Saxon ancestors. In the days of King Alfred no spinster was considered fit to be a wife until she had spun for herself the thread to weave a set of body, bed and table linen.*

A spinning wheel in use is a rare sight in Britain today, but the tradition of skill and craftsmanship is still with us. Take, for example, the Dunlop car tyre. Here is the culmination of years of laboratory research, experiment and testing. 2,000 extra teeth to grip the road, moulded knife cuts for skid resistance, wider and flatter tread and scientifically graduated ribs to distribute the load, greater depth of effective tread pattern enabling it to last as long as the tyre itself — these are the features which make this tyre a worthy successor to the Dunlop tyres which have gone before.



**DUNLOP**

*The World's Master Tyre*